

# Would You Like to Take in \$140 after Supper?

This is exactly what L. Burnett did while still employed. Here are his own words:

*"I worked at my Duraclean business part time until I saw that I could make as much in a week as my job paid for a whole month. One night, after supper, I took in \$140. Since going full time, I've had single jobs running \$300 and more."*

Mr. Burnett and one helper serviced this \$140 "after-supper" job. The national price guide

provides a Duraclean dealer a gross profit of \$6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus \$9 per hour on any service he himself renders. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

To own a business is much easier than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. The 24 page fully illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a clear net profit to you.



## Start while Continuing Present Job We furnish all the equipment...and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . . have a fast growing income . . . and own a Nationally Advertised business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable...the electric Foam-

ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

### Your Services Are Endorsed by

McCall's Magazine, Parents, American Research & Testing Laboratories . . . and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

### What Dealers Say:

**Langdon Lawson:** National advertising is tops, creates leads. In September, working alone, jobs totaled \$1,475.

**R. C. Blue:** Customer called a prominent competitor. They said they could not clean her badly soiled furniture . . . to contact me, "if anyone could get it clean, I could."

**Charles Randah:** Business keeps growing. Made as much as \$120 in one day.

**D. Kern:** Duraclean's proven-best process and the continuous help from headquarters gave me a big jump on all competition.

**George Byers:** For University, my total billing was \$2,416. Total expenses \$814.

**Gerald Weihrach:** Three persons called me . . . saw Duraclean advertised in magazines.

**Edward Hoy:** A smoke damage insurance claim bill was \$186. All work was done by me in exactly 8 hours and 2 minutes.

**John Hosk:** I've never worked at anything I enjoyed more than Duraclean.

**W. C. Smith:** Earned \$650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger.

Service man for dealer C. Weed: Furniture was filthy black. When through, I was amazed how clean.

**John E. Frost:** First 2 months I costed \$1,000 per time.

**Loren Farris:** I'm proud to be independent at 30. I wish I had known about Duraclean earlier.

**Earl Davis:** Our sales increased \$17,600 this year.

**Ed. Kramsky:** In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family.

### It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the

superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjusters, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . before someone takes your location.

### Start Small, Grow Big...in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing. . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods.

You have our backing and "know how."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) superior processes and (2) proven customer-getting methods.

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. File rises with new life. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts off dirt, grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

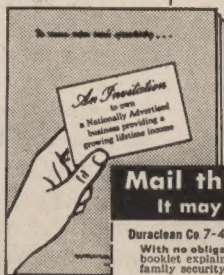
### FREE BOOKLET tells how to start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much bigger income.

Your location could be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon today.

### Find Out with NO OBLIGATION



### Mail this coupon TODAY It may put you in business

Duraclean Co. 7-402 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015  
With no obligation, mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name   
Address   
City  State  Zip

### Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to local buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K. after 5 months, sold for \$2,000 above his cost. L.L. after 30 months, got \$7,116 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise grows monthly.



# REAL MEN

VOLUME 10, NUMBER 10

**THEODORE S. HECHT,**

*Editor*

**AL BERCOVICI,**

*Assistant Editor*

**ARTHUR BONN,**

*General Mgr/Art Director*

**ELLEN HOLMES,**

*Art Associate*

**LANIA ASHLEY,**

*Art Associate*

**BARBARA GORDON**

*Art Associate*

**JACQUELINE WAITERS,**

*Production*

**LAWRENCE P. HATEM,**

*VP., Circulation Director*

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## MEN IN ACTION

### HOW WE ESCAPED FROM

**RED CHINA**.....by Dr. Walther Mehrstaff

Cut off from my embassy by the Red Guards, I had to flee into the Gobi desert

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**EARTHQUAKE**.....by R.W. Shellabarger

The whole world disappeared in an explosion of rubble and heaving ground.

**page 22**

**THE JAP KILLERS OF LUZON**.....

by Len Humboldt

They were beaten, trapped and surrounded but she didn't know how to surrender

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**THIRTY-TWO MEN AGAINST RED CLOUD**....

by Frank Couch

There were more than 3000 Indians, led by the Sioux, massed against the corral

**page 38**

**MONEY TO BURN** .....by Howard L. Oleck

They had captured an entire Nazi payroll and they knew that the money was good to spend

**page 40**

## TREASURE

**TREASURE IN THE SWAMP OF DEATH** ..... by Ray S. McGlothlin

We know exactly where the gold is buried but the hostile Indians drove us off

**page 28**

## EXPOSE

**SEXUAL RESEARCH**.....by Sterling Rogers

Beware of the quacks who are cashing in on the famous Johnson-Masters report

**page 20**

## FEATURE

**HOW I TRIED LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN**.....by Karen Del—

I was lonely and hungry for excitement so I took the opportunity to find out for myself

**page 30**

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## A REAL MAN'S WOMAN

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**PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT**..... 34



# 'Add 3 INCHES of steel-like Muscles to Your ARMS

## 4 Power-packed inches to your chest...FAST" ... IN JUST 30 DAYS!



LET ME SLAP 5 TO 50  
POUNDS OF DYNAMIC, VIRILE  
MUSCLES ON YOUR BODY  
... turn you into a rugged HE-MAN ...

load your body with jet-charged power, thick Herculean  
arms ... deep massive chest ... atomic-powered  
legs ... shoulders a "yard-wide" ... with power  
oozing from every pore of your new power-  
packed body ... FAST ... and right in the  
the privacy of your own home!

### ALL I NEED is 15 MINUTES

to prove that you can have that rugged,  
virile, he-man body, loaded with action,  
will-power and the dynamic  
personality you've always wanted.

In half the time with twice the  
ease, in the privacy of your own  
room, in just a few minutes daily  
I will ... through my TRIPLE  
PROGRESSION COURSE - slap  
inches of steel-like muscles on your  
pipestem arms ... pack your chest  
with power and size ... give you  
lifeguard shoulders ... dynamic,  
speedy, athletic legs ... add jet-  
charged strength to every muscle  
of your body. I don't care if you're  
short or tall ... skinny or fat ...  
office-worker, laborer, student or  
business man, I MUST make a  
new virile he-man out of you and  
help you build tremendous "inner  
strength" that will give you that  
virile look that men envy and  
women admire. What I did for  
BOB BURKE, ANDRE LEPINE  
and other Mr. America and Mr.  
Universe winners and thousands  
of former weaklings, I can do for  
you! Yes, I can turn you into a  
real HE-MAN!

### HERE'S LIVING PROOF!

Andre Lepine gains 80 pounds!



BEFORE

BEFORE mailing the  
coupon ... 100 pounds  
of skin and bones!  
What a rundown  
wreck! He had 10-inch  
pipestem arms ... a  
flat 34-inch chest. Truly  
a pathetic case of  
weakness before he  
mailed me this coupon!  
AFTER Weider Train-  
ing! What a Change!  
What a Build! 180  
pounds ... a mountain  
of mighty muscles with  
Herculean 17-inch arms  
... magnificent 49-inch  
chest and shoulders a  
yard wide. Another  
dream come true!



AFTER

**ABSOLUTELY FREE**  
THIS GIANT 48-PAGE  
MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE  
revealing to you all the  
SECRETS OF THE CHAMPIONS ...  
the Mr. Universe and Mr. America winners!

Let ME prove to you at my  
own expense that every-  
thing I say can be done!



It's YOURS  
FREE!

No Obligation!

Fill out coupon and mail to me.  
I'll rush you my GIANT 48-page  
course filled with exercises, train-  
ing secrets, heroic photos of the  
mighty champions and private ad-  
vice on how you can become a  
muscle star FAST! A-C-T-I-O-N  
is the key to strength. Make your  
first he-man decision today. Rush  
in this coupon for your free trial  
course. You have nothing to lose  
but your weakness!

### AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER!

JOE WEIDER, Trainer Of The Champions  
531 32nd Street, apt. 17-27T  
Union City, New Jersey 07087

Shoot the works, Joel Rush me my FREE Introductory Power-Packed  
Muscle-Building Course. ✓ Check which gains you want to make.

- I want ☐ Bigger arms. ☐ Larger neck. ☐ Deeper chest.  
☐ Trimmer waist. ☐ Athletic legs. ☐ Added weight.  
☐ Broader shoulders. ☐ More endurance and power.

I enclose only 10¢ to cover the cost of handling and mailing. I am  
under no further obligation.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print plainly)

Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! →



# REAL MEN

# SCOREBOARD

## • WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WHEY ...

While fighting a fire in a cheese factory in Michigan, their water supply ran out, so the firemen connected their pumper to a whey tank and put out the blaze. Whey is the watery liquid left over when milk is made into cheese.

## • ARTIFICIAL BEER ...

A synthetic beer has been perfected by three Japanese scientists. It's made from succinic acid, hops,



filtered starch, glucose, spices, yeast, and coloring. It may not sound very appetizing, but the scientists say it costs only one-fifth as much to make as the real stuff.

## • LOSING BANDIT ...

A Newark grocer gained \$6.40 from an attempted holdup. As the grocer yelled for help, the nervous gunman ran from the store, leaving behind a dollar bill and \$5.40 worth of groceries which he had already paid for.

## • DON'T THROW OUT THAT TIE

Try this to remove soil from that favorite tie you don't want to part with: Hold the soiled area of the tie directly in the flow of escaping steam of a tea kettle. This will loosen the dirt. Then rub the spots with any good cleaning fluid, and your tie will be as good as new.

## • DID YOU KNOW THAT? ...

There are about 72,200,000 licensed drivers in America. ... No person may own or sell an alligator less than four feet long, in Florida. ... Some day soon you may be able to carry around that extra-dry Martini-with-olive in an envelope in your pocket. New plastic containers were on display at the recent Amer-

ican Management Assn's 25th annual packaging exposition and conference. ... A Chicago tavern decided to allow customers to mix their own drinks. ... A factory in California that produced fireproof building materials, burned down. ... Americans purchased 400,000 more bottles of champagne in 1955 than in 1954, the French Champagne Committee reported.

## • DID YOU ALSO KNOW THAT ...

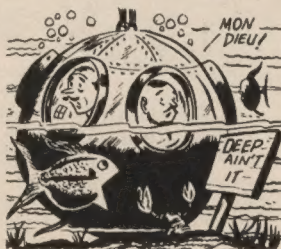
While the Governor of New York gets a salary of \$50,000 a year, the Governor of North Dakota gets \$9,000 a year. ... Governor Luis



Munoz-Marin of Puerto Rico, who receives a salary of \$10,600 a year, refused to accept an increase to \$20,000 when it was passed by the Legislature.

## • OCEANIC FACTS ...

The deepest point ever discovered in the Pacific Ocean is the Marianas Trench (200 miles southwest of Guam) which has a depth of 35,650 feet. The deepest point in the Atlantic Ocean is 30,246 feet, just north of Puerto Rico. The deepest



man has ever descended into the ocean was on Feb. 14, 1954, when two officers of the French Navy descended to a depth of 13,287 feet,

off the West Coast of Africa. ... The distance between the top of the highest mountain (Mt. Everest) and the bottom of the sea is 64,500 feet.

## • WHAT'S THE SCORE? ...

On August 23, 1953, outfielder Don Grate of Chattanooga threw a baseball 443 feet, breaking his own record of 434 feet. ... Which team do you think holds the record for the most games won in a single season?



Yankees?? Dodgers?? No! ... In 1906 the Chicago Cubs won 116 games and lost only 36, for the amazing percentage of .763! ... Everyone knows that Babe Ruth holds the record for 60 home runs, but did you know that he also holds 61 other records?

## • WEIGHT OF YOUR BRAIN ...

The average weight of the brain of a fully developed, medium-sized male is 1,400 grams or 49.3 ounces. For the female the weight of the brain is 1,275 grams, or 44.9 ounces. In comparison, the heart of the male weighs 300 grams (10.6 ounces) and the women's 250 grams (8.8 ounces).

## • HELPFUL HINTS ...

If you want to know the weight of your luggage before going on an airplane trip, and do not have a scale to accommodate your heavy luggage, try this: First step on your bathroom scale and note the exact weight. Then pick up your luggage, and holding on to it, step on the scale again. The difference between the two readings will be the weight of your luggage. ... If you've had trouble trying to remove wallpaper, try this: make a solution of warm water and laundry starch and apply it to the paper, let it set for about ten minutes, then scrape it off with a wide blade scraper. ... Here's an easy way to sharpen scissors: take a few sheets of light sandpaper and cut through them. ●●●



**- For Action, Security, Big Pay -**

# INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS



## EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Let us show you how easy it is to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You need NO prior experience or higher education. There's NO investment in expensive equipment. You do NO selling. Furthermore, this fast-growing Accident Investigation field has no seasonal layoffs... no time out for strikes... no oversupply of men... no worry about automation. We ask you to compare these terrific advantages with the job you now have! Cash in on this big demand for trained men NOW. Write today!

**Earn To \$10 An Hour ★ Work Part-Time Or Full-Time ★ Car Furnished — Expenses Paid ★ No Selling — No Previous Experience Needed ★ Only Average Education Required**

## NO OTHER CAREER OFFERS YOU A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Consider this fact. In the short time it takes you to read this page 1,100 accidents will take place. Over 440,000 will occur before this day ends. *These accidents must be investigated.* The law demands it. Yet in 4 out of 5 cities, towns and rural communities, no one has been trained for this vital work.

## KEEP PRESENT JOB UNTIL READY TO SWITCH

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. *Already* hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned \$14,768 his first year. A. J. Allen earned over \$2,000 in ten weeks. Robert Meier says "I'm now earning \$7.50 to \$15.00 an hour in my own business... Universal's course is wonderful."

## FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP GIVEN

We CAN and WILL show you how to rapidly build your own full-time or part-time business. Or if you wish a big-pay job as Company Claims Investigator, our Placement Service will give you *real* assistance. Hundreds of firms needing men call upon Universal. We place far more men in this booming field than any other individual, company or school.

## WE FINANCE YOU

Write today for complete information. Costs are less than you'd imagine. And even on these low costs you need pay only a portion—less than half—in order to complete your training. We finance the rest for you. You may pay out of actual earnings. And you can keep present job while learning. Send now for free book. No salesman will call. You are not committed in any way.

## STATE APPROVED for VETERANS' TRAINING

## Mail Now for FREE BOOK

M. O. Wilson, Dept. W-2  
Universal Schools,  
6801 Hillcrest, Dallas, Texas 75205

Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money In The Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will be under no obligation — and no salesman will call upon me.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Zip Code .....







Patti Powers likes to sing.

Patti sings most anything.

And everytime she's in the spot

The people stare at what she's got!

# POWER HOUSE

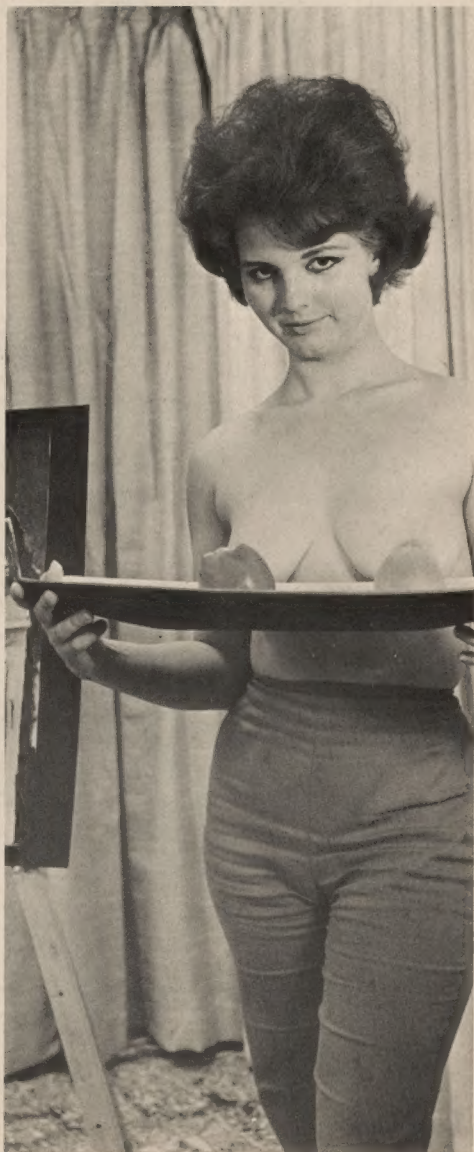




# POWER HOUSE



**Black-haired, brown eyed Patti  
is a 23 year old bundle of  
beauty, all wrapped up in a skin  
that stretches out to 37-25-36!**



# NOW YOU CAN BUY FORDS, CHEVROLETS, DODGES BELOW WHOLESALE!!

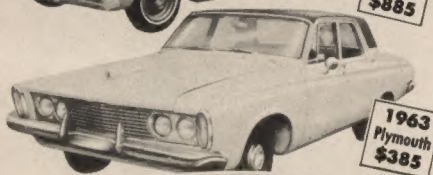
**NO GIMMICKS, NO HIDDEN CHARGES . . . THIS IS A STRAIGHT, HONEST OFFER! IMMEDIATE DELIVERY GUARANTEED. RIGHT TO YOUR FRONT DOOR ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES!!**



**1966  
Ford  
\$885**



**1966  
Dodge  
\$885**



**1963  
Plymouth  
\$385**



**1965  
Ford  
\$585**



**1965  
Chevrolet  
\$585**



**1965  
Dodge  
\$585**

**ONLY \$50 DOWN** AND THE BALANCE ON LONG EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS!!! ANOTHER BIG SPECIAL FOR CLUB MEMBERS ONLY. JOIN TODAY. **ONLY \$50 DOWN**

TOYS, FUR STOLE, HOSIERY, CLOTHING, SHOES, AND MUCH, MUCH MORE . . . Why pay regular retail prices? Join the WHOLESALE-DISCOUNT BUYERS CLUB today and start saving big money.

## HOW DO YOU GET IN ON THIS FABULOUS DEAL?

All you have to do is join the WHOLESALE-DISCOUNT BUYERS CLUB. As a member we'll show you how you can get the car of your choice immediately at the lowest ever price as shown above.

## WHAT ELSE DOES THE CLUB DO?

As a club member, you receive regular mailings with pictures and descriptions of dozens and dozens of name brand items that you can buy direct by mail at fantastic low, low wholesale-discount prices. Name brands such as DUNCAN-HINES, DORMEYER, COLEMAN, GRUEN, PRESTO, INTERNATIONAL SILVER, NUTONE, POLAROID, REMINGTON RAND, SCHICK, SMITH CORONA, SUNBEAM, WATERMAN, WEBCOR, WEAREVER, WESTINGHOUSE AND MANY, MANY MORE...APPLIANCES, TV SETS, TYPEWRITERS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, RADIOS, STEREO SETS, COOKWARE, FISHING SETS, SILVERWARE, HUNTING EQUIPMENT, BOOKS, GLASSWARE, LINENS, DRAPERY, FABRICS, FURNITURE,

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We're so certain that you'll be absolutely thrilled as a member of the club, that we'll refund your \$3.00 membership fee anytime during the year you belong if you are dissatisfied for any reason whatsoever, with no questions asked. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain!

## HOW MUCH DOES IT COST TO JOIN THE CLUB?

You pay only three dollars for a full year's membership! There are no other charges, nothing else to pay. And you are under no obligation of any kind when you join the club. You don't have to buy anything at all if you don't want to.

**WHOLESALE-DISCOUNT BUYERS CLUB  
DEPT. 132-2  
333 OLD TARRYTOWN ROAD  
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK 10603**

I enclose three dollars as payment in full for a year's membership in the WHOLESALE-DISCOUNT BUYERS CLUB. Please send complete information on the automobiles as described above, immediately by return mail. Also put me on the list to receive the descriptions and photos of name brand merchandise that I can purchase at wholesale and discount prices by mail. I understand that I am not obligated to buy anything and that I will receive a full refund of my \$3.00 membership fee at anytime, with no questions asked.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_



# PICTURE OF DEATH



Everyone has to die, sooner or later, so at least one can be a little bit happier if one's death serves a purpose. These men, here, do that in a good two ways. First, they give the crowd a few moment's happiness; second,

they definitely decorate the landscape, making a change from the drabness of an empty countryside to the high excitement of a swaying shadow against the sky. And so, in the service of humanity, we pledge a corpse.



# But it's illegal! But it's outlawed! But with results like this... WHO CARES!

Banned from the tracks by every major oil company, (yet used in the fleet of a world famous auto rental system\*, as well as used in motor pools of some of the nation's largest corporations whose names read like a "who's who" of industry) — here is the full story behind science's new miracle-invention that gives you up to 500 miles from a single tank of gas — saves you up to 50 gallons of gas each month — up to \$200 on gas each year!

In fact, when it was first tested on the same proving grounds and in the same test-laboratories used by Ford, GM and Chrysler... results were so overwhelming that nation-wide press releases by America's leading automotive authorities immediately hailed this great new breakthrough!

6 months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified **ILLEGAL** sound strange? Not really... here's why:

I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE!** Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline... because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon... it is actually outlawed in every recognized cross-country economy test... simply because the officials who conduct these tests have been forced to rule that it violates cars that have it an **UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!**

In other words if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs... then this message is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION — SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL.** But... if you are interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible... and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment—then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history!

## NOW GET UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON

The name of this great new invention is the **GT ENERGY CHAMBER**... and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you... than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

## CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 16 A MILE

1. When the GT Energy Chamber was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler... results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to 67 per cent)... it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as one cent a mile!

2. When tests were made by a second giant auto rental system\* with this incredible money saving invention... and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speed-

## LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



The GT Energy Chamber takes but a few minutes to install. In fact, it's so easy you need not now a single word about an engine because easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!

## LEADING DIGEST REPORTS BIG AUTOMOTIVE BREAKTHROUGH

Recently, scientists at one of the world's leading oil companies discovered a new way to save as much as 35 gallons a month on the gasoline your car burns. Working in complete secrecy for over 45 years, these men had been assigned to find out once and for all just how much mileage could actually be coaxed from an automobile engine.

Simply thousands upon thousands of experiments they discovered that by artificially feeding the gasoline to the engine in a new and different way they were able to get as much as 34 miles or more from every gallon of gas.

So revolutionary was this breakthrough that the Digest featured the sensational news **NOT ONCE**... but in two separate issues — **AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING**, because when another group of experts took this "forced-feeding" concept... altered it... tested it... and improved it even more... they boosted gasoline mileage to a staggering 35% on 7 and 8-year-old cars... and as much as 61% on later model cars.

What you see on this page is the full, thrilling story behind this new wonder-invention... and how you, too, may obtain up to 7, 9 even 11 more miles per gallon... and all it will be changing a single part on your car!

way... the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see these big 8 cylinder sedans get better gas mileage than small European economy cars!

3. When RCA, General Electric and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them, the results were so dramatic, that within 30 days they reported savings of **HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS** of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

Even more startling... when one of the world's largest fleet owners\* tested this amazing **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** (to prove to themselves how much money they could save) the proof was so convincing, so dramatic, that they ordered entire fleets of cars **IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!** That's the kind of miracle-mileage this thrilling new invention delivers.

IMAGINE! ALMOST 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

Yes, from road tests, laboratory tests, tests by one of the world's most famous test drivers... come reports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon than any other car they have ever tested! Reports of big, luxury sedans that outweigh small European cars by a full ton... yet get better gas mileage, and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE OF UNIT IN THEIR CARS — THE ANSWER IS THAT **TWO** ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the **GT ENERGY CHAMBER**... and how does it work? To make a long story short... if you were to look under the hood of one of those \$20,000 European luxury cars like the Maserati



"MATCH ME — I DARE YOU!" — **AND WE DID!** This is the test that left the experts gasping in disbelief. The day we took a big luxurious Cadillac sedan... and pitted it in an **ECONOMY RUN** against a so-called "economy car"... this small Plymouth. The only change we made in the Cadillac... it was fitted out with the amazing new invention the **GT ENERGY CHAMBER**, described on this page. Result of test? The Cadillac boasted its miles per gallon by so much, it actually **OUTPERFORMED** the Plymouth... left it standing bone-dry, panting for even a glass of gasoline. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new invention can save you up to \$200 in gasoline in the next 12 months... read the rest of this page. (Test conducted on the New England Turnpike—results sealed and attested to by official state notary.)

## BEST PROOF OF ALL!

One Of The World's Largest Rent-A-Car Systems Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months... Then Orders Fleet Of Cars **IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!** They report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car".

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all. A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime. They tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. **BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED.** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting right behind the carburetor... a special gasoline BOOSTER UNIT... especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy, from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance... such **TOTAL POWER**... increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the **GT ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy... ONLY, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-units)... the **GT ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research, automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify the mileage-boosting principle of these booster units... reduce the number of parts in each unit... mass produce them... and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why,

do you realize what this means to you if you are determined to save yourself up to \$16 a month on your gas bills... up to 50 gallons of gas each month... yes, up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline?

## INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have... no matter how old that car may be... from this day on, you, too, can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you, too, can drive for hundreds of miles at a time without ever stopping at a service station. NOW you, too, can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas... blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls... perform mileage-miracles that only yesterday you thought were utterly impossible.

Take advantage of the most significant automotive discovery of our age. Achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, giants of industry, Indianapolis test-drivers, and research scientists. If you can spare the few minutes it takes to attach this brilliant new discovery to your car, then take advantage of this special **Free-trial** introductory offer.

## PROVE IT TO YOURSELF AT OUR RISK

Now the price of the **GT ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special introductory trial offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect... but only \$6.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all not to mention the hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

And since we invite you to try the **GT ENERGY CHAMBER** on your own car completely at our risk... you have absolutely nothing to lose and everything in the world to gain. So to take advantage of this no risk trial offer... mail the no-risk coupon today!

## ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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Please rush me the sensational **GT ENERGY CHAMBER** immediately! I understand the price is only \$6.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit within 90 days for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
make of car \_\_\_\_\_ year \_\_\_\_\_  
number of cylinders (6 or 8) \_\_\_\_\_  
SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **GT ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just \$11.95 (a savings of \$2.00), same guarantee as above.  
Make of second car \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_ No. of Cyls. \_\_\_\_\_  
( ) C.O.D. orders enclose \$1.00 deposit. Same money-back guarantee.



# medicine man



## • GET RID OF DANDRUFF . . .

a simple case of dandruff is usually cleared up by improving your general health routine. You should get enough sleep, relaxation, exercise, and maintain a well-balanced diet, including plenty of fruits and vegetables. Shampoo your hair frequently, parting it at inch intervals and gently scrubbing with a soapy lather and a tooth brush. Let the soap remain on the scalp for a short period before rinsing it off. Scalp massage is also good. However, a serious case of dandruff is a skin disease and should be treated by a dermatologist.

## • HEARTBURN . . .

mainly caused by the passing of acid from the stomach up into the esophagus. This backing up of acid is caused by excessive belching in which gas or air is ejected. The acid irritates and causes heartburn.

## • TENNIS HEEL . . .

this is the tender spot some people have under the heel. When walking or standing, pain can be felt. Usually caused by repeated bruising while walking on a hard surface with light footwear, the malady can be cured by placing a pad of sponge rubber in the heel of your shoe. Another relief agency is the building up of the heel of the shoe and strapping the injured foot with adhesive tape to take the weight off the heel.

## • RELIEF FOR HAY FEVER SUFFERERS . . .

a new drug, Prednisolone, has been discovered that has obtained good results in relieving hay fever. It is used as a spray,



thus eliminating hypodermic injections. In a triahtesting period, definite results were obtained, all patients showing various stages of improvement.

## • SO YOU'VE HAD A HEART ATTACK . . .

now that you've had the attack, there are two courses open to you. You can either worry yourself into another attack, probably fatal, or you can regard the situation realistically and can actually benefit from it.

First try to figure out what caused the attack. It couldn't have been work . . . hard labor never hurt anyone. Perhaps it was too much of "good living." Your doctor will take care of that by placing you on a better diet which will result in better health. Just because you're a heavy smoker don't feel that the tobacco caused the attack. Heavy smoking is caused by nervousness, which could be the cause of the attack . . . not the cigarettes themselves.

Now that you're bedridden, take stock of yourself. Think over your life and prepare to travel a better road after your recovery.

## • OOH, THAT SUNBURN . . .

at last science has come up with something to combat painful sunburn. A small pill made from sun-drenched fruit trees seems to be the solution. The aim is to speed the painful process of tanning. The drug, derived from fig and citrus trees, has been used by the Egyptians for centuries to deepen skin pigmentation.

## • REPLACE THAT TOOTH . . .

when a tooth is removed from the mouth be sure to have it replaced as soon as possible. When a tooth is removed, the neighboring teeth begin to shift in their sockets toward the empty space. As the shifting occurs, the upper and lower teeth gradually move from normal positions so that they are not aligned. Every time you chew, the increased pressure only accentuates the difficulty. Sooner or later they can become loose and infected. Pyorrhea and tooth decay are sure to result. There is only one cure . . . replace that tooth.

## • HEART RATE DURING SEX ACT . . .

science has discovered that the enormous increase in both female and male heartbeat and breathing during intercourse makes the act dangerous to people who have recovered from heart attacks. During the act, the heart which normally beats seventy times a minute, in-

creases to a rate of 170-190 beats . . . a rate which is found only when doing the most violent of exercises. And the breathing rate triples. Abnormal and skipped heartbeats also occur. Another discovery was that during intercourse, the increases and decreases in both partners was almost identical.

• **WATCH THOSE KISSES . . .** too much kissing can give you mononucleosis. This is an infection that

DIG THAT CRAZY MONONUCLEOSIS



affects the throat, glands, and possibly the heart.

• **BIRTHMARKS . . .** the "strawberry birthmark" which is a bundle of dilated small blood vessels, tends to disappear with age. But should the mark show signs of growth, it is best to have it removed. This can be done either surgically or by freezing with carbon dioxide.

• **ON BLUSHING . . .** it was discovered that people who blush seldom are troubled with an acne (blackheads) condition of the skin. Nicotinic acid, which dilates blood vessels thereby causing flushes of the skin, was given to some sufferers. Their condition immediately improved.

## • HEARTBURN KEEP YOU AWAKE?

. . . this is caused by acid from the stomach getting up into the esophagus, the tube which connects the mouth and stomach. This condition is particularly bad when you're asleep because the stomach acid is not being neutralized. The solution is raise the head of the bed so as to prevent the flow of acid into the esophagus.



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Created for the tiger in your life. Look through nylon gown with revealing bosom lacy bra top. To catch a tiger wear a tiger. Black, Red, White. \$12.99

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**STYLE 24, STARDUST DANCING GARTER-BELT WITH 6 GARTERS**  
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**STYLE 911**  
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**STYLE 17, LACE BRA**  
Always set off your silhouette to peak perfection. S.M.L. \$2.98

**STYLE 18, GARTER BELT**  
Oscillates and supports your every little movement that has a meaning all its own. S.M.L. \$2.98

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To flatter and show every woman's legs at their tapering best. \$8.98

**STYLE 77**  
Command attention and admiration with lacy, racy, chassy feminine tights. It's the latest fashion fever. Catch it right now. Black only. \$8.99

**939 - TEMPTRESS.** Whisperingly sheer nylon jacket, provocatively cut, trimmed in exquisite lace, belted at the waist. Comes with matching daring bikini briefs. Red, white, blue, black or orchid. S-M-L \$8.98

**Set 40**

**Set 40—Bra & Pants**  
Daring French creation provides décolletage and a free-and-easy up-lift. With matching pin-up panties. Black, red or white. In S-M-L. \$5.98

**STYLE 475—YUM YUM**  
Love and romance are captured forever in the superb simplicity of this nylon baby doll delicately trimmed with metallic brocade and bikini panty. Black, Red, White, Green, Blue, Lilac, Peach, Orchid. S-M-L. \$8.98

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I HEARD THE SCREAMS even before I saw her. Then there she was, rushing along the street, her blouse and bra practically ripped off her body, flapping in torn shreds in the wind as she ran towards me. Behind her, a crowd of howling kids, their voices blended into a menacing roar like a bloodhungry monster mob. Instinctively I reached out to grab her as she went by. And then she was next to me, huddled tight against my body, panting and trembling in terror.

The Red Guard, China's kill-crazy maniacs were swirling toward us. I looked for a doorway, for anyplace that might give us refuge. I felt a hand behind me and tried to turn it. It was locked. My eyes darted around, across the street. No hope there. I'd never be able to drag her that far. We couldn't stay where we were. They'd be on us in seconds. I pulled at her wrist. We had to get started. We had to run.

I never got the chance. I hadn't taken two steps when I felt something crash into my shoulder. I was stumbling forward, falling on my face. And then they were all over me. I completely lost sight of the girl. She was blotted out as the human wave seemed to swamp out the world. A club was swinging downward. I raised

up my arm to protect myself and felt the pain rifle through my body at the impact. Something was coming at my head. For just a brief second I saw a grinning face poised in a frozen second of immobility. A large stick, like a golf club was swinging down. I wanted to yell. But no sound would come out of my mouth. Then the universe ended. There was a world of blackness. Nothing!

\* \* \* \* \*

I tried to open my eyes, but they didn't seem to want to work. Even when I did manage to force apart my eyelids, the fuzziness wouldn't go away. Things were still dark and they wouldn't focus. I thought there was someone else nearby, but I couldn't tell. And I couldn't even begin to guess where I was, or why.

"You're coming around." The voice was positive, Chinese and quite feminine.

"Huh? Ooooooh," The last was a long, moaning sigh as the pain rushed back. Whatever it was, wherever I was, I didn't care. I hurt too much.

"Relax. You're pretty banged up, but nothing's broken. I checked." At least the girl's voice sounded friendly.

"Are you sure?" I asked lamely, "where am I? What happened?"

*(Continued on page 18)*

by DR. WALTHER MERHSTAFF

# HOW WE ESCAPED FROM RED CHINA

The Red Guards were on a rampage and any foreigner in  
their path was doomed to suffer unending pain and death!





"Quite sure, I'm a nurse." she answered. "The Red guards caught you. They gave you quite a beating. But it's nothing serious. You're in my house. I found you right outside my door and brought you in. You see, we Chinese are very sentimental."

I was beginning to focus again. I could see her now in the dimly lit room. She was quite pretty, too; high-breasted, long limbed and a rather sweet face. I give you the details in the order I saw them. "Thanks," I said. "And by the way, there was a girl. Did you find her too?"

The smile faded. "Oh that one! Yes. She's here. She had a much rougher time than you. They raped her. Many of them. But that doesn't kill." She sniffed in a peculiar way. "I ought to know."

"Oh!" was all I could think of saying. Then I lay back and shut my eyes again. I think I must have fallen asleep again. Because when I opened my eyes again it was quite obviously nighttime. Over across the room, only a single, dimly burning lamp was burning.

"Feeling better now?" Her voice came from right next to me.

I started to answer, then turned in surprise as I felt the nude, warm female body snuggling close to me, breasts and thighs pressing close against mine. "What the . . ." I began.

"Don't talk! Do! Act!" It was a command.

In spite of everything, I felt myself beginning to respond to her warm nude form. I turned, instinctively to face her. And then she was every-

where. She took the play away from me and I let myself go. I couldn't help it. For she was right. This was no time to think and I let her do with me as she liked.

Afterwards, as we lay back she started talking. "You know you'll have to leave China." It was a statement, a fact.

"How? Where?"

"Your embassy. Can't you go there?"

I snorted. "This isn't Peking or Shanghai," I told her. "We're a thousand miles from any embassy. And if these Red Guards of yours are a sample of what we can expect, it's just about impossible. Can't we stay here?"

She laughed. "When you say WE, I suppose you're referring to that girl. Very well. No. You can't stay here. The guards will be back. They want no foreigners in Hsian. And if they find you here, they'll not only beat you again, they'll kill me for giving you refuge. No. You'll have to leave tonight."

"Impossible!" I told her. "How the hell are we supposed to wander around in the middle of China? Who'd hide us? Who'd help us? We'd be caught and killed in twelve hours."

"I'll help you all I can."

"You will? Why? How can you."

"Because you're a man," she laughed. "Because you're a good lover. Because for some very stupid reason, I like you. And I can do it, too. I have friends, many of them. But you're right. We'd never make it to Peking. They'll be looking for you in that direction anyway. And even if you did make it, things are

even worse in Peking. They'd kill you before you got anywhere near your embassy."

"I'll take your word for it," I answered. "All right then. We'll make a break for it tonight. But how? Where do we go?"

"Where, you can leave to me," she announced. "As to how, it's not easy, but it's quite practical. There's an automobile down the street. It belongs to a party official. You can operate a car, can't you?"

I nodded.

"WE'LL STEAL IT. Head for the center of the city. There's a flood sewer there. We go down into it. Don't worry, I've been in it before. It leads to the Yellow River. There's a boat hidden by the outlet. We take it and float away."

"Why do we have to steal the car? Why can't we just walk?"

"The night watch," she answered coldly. "They're everywhere. We'd be spotted before we got anywhere near it. We'll be spotted anyway, but they can't outrun an automobile."

"What difference does that make?" I grumbled. "They'll be able to phone in and there'll be roadblocks up in minutes."

She laughed aloud. "This is not Germany, my friend. This is China. What telephones are you talking about. There's one in the command post. But that's three miles from here. There'll be no phone calls, no roadblocks. So we'll do it my way, agreed?"

While Li-Lin, my rescuer from no place went to prepare the European girl, I dressed and tried to remember what I knew about starting a car

From a city esplanade, the ancient Yellow River valley spreads out, with river traffic slowly floating along.



The City of Hsian, deep in central China, where Dr. Mehrstaff worked as a missionary physician until forced to leave by the Red Guards.







At Hochu, the last town in north China before reaching the ancient wall that borders Mongolia, we tied up our river boat and jumped ashore.

without the key. It was a matter of crossing the ignition wires; I only hoped I'd be able to do it in the dark. Good medical training does not necessarily make one a good car thief. However, Li-Lin was a nurse. Perhaps she'd at least be able to furnish me with some instruments.

The girls returned a few moments later and we promptly started off. We slipped out of the door into a night that seemed black as the pitch of hell. There was a light wind blowing that I could feel tingling against the back of my neck like some eerie finger of a ghost. I shivered involuntarily as Li-Lin slipped ahead of me and motioned me on. We bent low and ran, keeping our shadows down against the darker base of the buildings.

Then I saw it, an old-fashioned Russian car, a remnant of the days when Moscow and Peking were on friendlier terms. I practically sighed with relief. I'd driven one of those in Leipzig and I felt I knew it through and through. Motioning the two girls inside, I slipped the wires, crossed them and touched the accelerator. The motor roared into life.

If I live a hundred years I never want to go through a drive like that one, screaming down the narrow streets of a Chinese city, with no lights, while all around me, at every turn windows flew up and people shouted. Our route was being marked plainly as if we were drawing a map for any pursuers.

Twice we were fired on by sentries, no doubt after howling at us to stop, though I never actually heard them. One of the shots missed us completely.

The second passed right through both windshields, spattering glass everywhere. How the flying slivers missed us was more of a miracle than the bullet's erratic flight.

We reached a small square, and Li-Lin shouted at me to pull up. "Over there," she pointed. "Get the manhole cover up. Hurry. There'll be a mob here in a minute."

I slipped the heavy plate aside, then reached over and helped Tamara, the European girl down after me. "Li-Lin, come on, damn it. Hurry."

"Just a minute," she called and then, running over to the abandoned car, she opened the gastank, lit a match and dropped it in. The car went up with a whooshing roar of flame. "That'll give them something to keep busy with for a few minutes," she smiled smugly. "By the time they discover we're not burning up inside, we'll have a good head start." She wriggled into the sewer and I grunted as I dragged the heavy cover over it.

It stank. I felt the vomit gulping up my throat as the odor of decaying garbage and thick human excrement bubbled up from the lumpy bilge below. And then we dropped into it, our feet and legs. We were covered with it half way up to our knees. I had to fight to keep from gagging.

We sloshed forward, Li-Lin in the lead, her hand holding mine, while I held onto Tamara. It seemed endless, and to make matters worse, it was absolutely and totally black down there. Only the odor and the soft lapping of the horrifying goo as it slid down the tunnel toward

the river kept us from feeling lost in an empty eternity of nothingness.

But Li-Lin knew the way, only too evidently and about a half an hour later, we slipped out of the tunnel into the clear, beautiful fresh air.

"Down here," the Chinese girl whispered. "Slip into the water and rinse off. The boat's to the left only a little way."

I could have spent an hour in the river and not felt clean again. But after two or three minutes of ducking and rinsing, Li-Lin had us up again and moving toward the boat. She slipped the mooring and the boat drifted off, out into the slow, five-mile current and down the river.

Five hundred and thirty miles from Hsian to the Outer Mongolian Republic's border. It was one hell of a trip. The first morning, Li-Lin put ashore, some forty miles downstream where someone—we were never allowed to meet them—lent us some Chinese peasant clothes. After that, some hundreds of yards out in the stream, I suppose we looked indistinguishable from the hundreds of other boat families that ply this old and busy river.

It was easy that first day, as we merely drifted down the sidestream. But by afternoon, when we reached the junction with the main branch of the Yellow, things changed. We turned north, upstream, in the general direction of the river source. And now there was no current to carry us forward. Every inch of motion was supplied by muscle power; pole and push; pole and push, over and over again. Maybe three yards for every push, nearly six hundred polings to a mile. Even with the girls helping—and in China that's only the natural thing for women to do, it was sheer hell.

THE MILES WERE endless; so were the days. We passed the time telling each other about our lives; mine as a missionary doctor, born just before the war, growing up first through the horrors of Hitler and the bombings; then as a prisoner of the Communists; devoting myself to my profession and the urge to help the misery of the world. Tamara—Tamara Alexandrovna, a teacher, a girl who knew nothing but communism, but who hadn't a political thought in her head, a student of the Russian language who had come to China to bring a rapport between her country and its vast neighbor to the east. Li-Lin, a nurse but who's only thought was men, who had twice gotten into trouble because of her sexuality, first losing her position in a Shanghai hospital; then, a year later being fired from a similar position in Nanching, after an affair with a married doctor, caused the man's wife to go on a

(Continued on page 42)



# SEXUAL RESEARCH

**BEWARE  
OF THE  
QUACKS  
WHO ARE  
CASHING  
IN ON THE**



Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, the pioneering researchers who introduced a new scientific technique into the field of sex investigation.

## JOHNSON-MASTERS REPORT

by **STERLING ROGERS**

**T**HE BOOK, *Human Sexual Response*, exploded on the American scene like a rocket—hitting best seller lists throughout the nation, providing new and revolutionary insights into the fascinating mysteries of sex. It showed people how they could overcome frigidity and impotence, how they could attain new pleasures and increased satisfaction in their sexual activities.

As important and as controversial as the findings of Dr. William A. Masters and his assistant Virginia Johnson, however, were the revolutionary techniques used to gather material for the book. For the first time scientists directly observed couples engaged in the act of love. They noted every movement, gauged every reaction,

measured every heartbeat and palpitation of men and women straining against each other during sexual intercourse.

Not only did they watch, but they took motion pictures in technicolor in order that they might record movements and changes in skin color. At the same time they developed special devices such as an artificial penis with camera inside that enabled them to take pictures inside a woman's vagina. Another was what they referred to as an "automanipulative device" which is said to bring about a more intense orgasmic response cycle in a woman than she can attain with a man.

While it is still too early to evaluate the full impact of the Masters-Johnson studies, it is not too early to note that

(Continued on page 45)



Since the startling report was first published, dozens of other organizations have picked up the technique of using real couples under observation, some of them, unfortunately are using the resulting photographs for illegal purposes!

Posed by professional model







In a makeshift morgue in Arequipa, Peru, the mutilated bodies of some of those killed in the quake wait for identification.



Blocks of masonry lie in a side street. Left side of street was demolished, but right side remained standing. Above—The upper floors of this building toppled, crashing through ceiling and trapping a family of six persons inside the house.

# EARTHQUAKE

It wasn't like anything that a normal human being could hope to understand. The ground heaved and buckled; the earth kept opening and shutting like a giant mouth trying to eat its victims and the thunderous roar never stopped!

by R. W. SHELLABARGER

**B**OLTING UPRIGHT, I stared incredulously as the picture of the Virgin above the bed plunged down, smashing on my shoulder.

Now the wall in front of me began to crack down the middle. I heard a creaking sound from the stairs beyond the door, then a grinding, splintering noise as the entire stairway collapsed. The room twisted to the right toward the street.

I lurched toward the window, trying desperately to steady myself by holding onto the huge bed. The room seemed to be lifting up on one end, its contents slamming backward toward the collapsed stairwell. In the confusion of that first frenzied moment, I managed somehow to get back into my pants. That was all I wore, the only thing I could recover. My valuables—wallet, passport, everything—tumbled into that grinding, sloping pile of adobe wreckage.

Crawling on my hands and knees toward the window, I hooked my arm over the sill. I had to reach Elena. A thickening cloud of white dust rolled up the floor as the rear wall collapsed. Choking, paralyzed with fright, I clutched the sill trying to remain in that position. For a few hideous seconds, I had a hell of a ringside seat

at my own sudden death.

It was 11:30 A.M., Tuesday, January 14, 1960. The American Hotel in Arequipa, Peru, was a regular stop-over for oilmen on leave from the fields of Talara. Once every eighteen months, four weeks of freedom was decreed for guys to retrieve their sanity in civilization. No oil-stinking clothes, no limestone desert, no derricks. A lot of men flew to the States and others contented themselves with the civilization of Lima. Those who headed for the States invariably stopped at the American Hotel. It was par for the course and I was no exception when it came to keeping the faith.

It wasn't much of a hotel, the name notwithstanding. Amos Vara, who operated it, knew about as much hospitality as he did tending his rinkydink bar. A former wildcat and rigger in the big limestone fields to the south, Vara's declining years were spent drinking up his own liquor in the downstairs *cantina*. If the customer happened to be an oilman, nobody else got any service. He was a good guy. He ran his hotel like a flea circus, but that was fine with the guys who knew and liked him.

"Amigo," he pumped my (Continued on page 48)



Left, an Indian mother weeps over the body of her dead child as she sits in her quake-torn house. In the town hospital (above) a more fortunate mother weeps by her son's bedside. He was among the hundreds who were hurt.





Say "Hello There" to our lovely  
Christina Scott, a brown-haired  
model who has only one, real  
ambition, to look beautiful!

# QUEEN CHRISTINA





# QUEEN CHRISTINA

Christina, a model for the past two years has posed for the top names in art and photography. And why not. Everyone appreciates a smooth, sleek 36-23-36" figure!







# TREASURE IN THE SWAMP OF DEATH



Chota (left) and Huanca, our two Cusquipa Indian hot tamales, who kept us occupied during the time we were searching,



and draining out the swamp. Right—We check the banks of Lake Guacuni, under which the Spanish treasure was hidden.

by RAY S. MCGLOTH LIAN

**CHOTA** WOKE ME up at midnight. "I want to make love again . . ." the little Cusquipa whispered nuzzling my ear with her nose. "OK," I said. "But this is positively the last time tonight."

I meant it. A man can't make love all night and have the strength to dig for gold the next day.

Chota wrapped her arms around my neck. A moment later her supple coppery body was vibrant with exotic passion . . .

An hour after dawn Chota and Huanca—Melvin Delgado's little Cusquipa—began to prepare our breakfasts.

Meanwhile Mel and I sat in the shade of Mel's tent and looked at the floor of the little Venezuelan lake we'd drained so that we could dig up the Spanish gold which was buried under centuries of muck.

"We'll have it made in a month,"

Mel said happily, "even after you figure Uncle Sam's take."

"I'm going to hate to leave Chota," I said, turning toward the exotic little Cusquipa and reflected that I'd never known a woman who could even begin to stack up with this little cute doll.

I was still thinking about her lovemaking talents when Mel nudged me. I looked out toward the jungle. Chief Quicaca and four of his men were coming toward our camp. "Hi . . . !" I said, waving at Quicaca.

This little Cusquipa was no ordinary jungle native. He had an education. He spoke Spanish and he wore civilized man's pants and shirt. And a pair of Webley .455 revolvers were neatly tucked in his hip holsters.

I liked him. He had helped us drain the lake and he had furnished us with Chota and Huanca. "To make your dreams more pleasant," he had said with a sly wink.

"You're just in time for breakfast,"

I said, extending a cigarette to Quicaca after he and the other Cusquipas came into the camp. "I'll get a bottle of . . ."

I didn't say the rest. Quicaca flipped out his Webleys. The muzzle of one of these British Army weapons was pointed at my guts. The other at Mel's. "Bring me the gold you have retrieved," he said.

With the spear of one of Quicaca's zombies scratching my spine I went into my tent and brought out a canvas bag. Then I got the gold from Mel's tent.

"Now eat your breakfast and begin digging!" Quicaca said. "From this moment you are working for me!"

I didn't ask what would happen to us when he'd dug up the last of the gold. I could see the answer in Quicaca's eyes. "So your friendship was just a pretense," I said, glaring at the little zombie.

"Yes, amigo, it was a pretense," Quicaca said, laughing. He translated this to the other zombies. They thought it was hilarious, too.

There's a lot more than a million dollars still buried in that swamp. We know exactly where it is, practically to the inch. But we can't go back. It would be sure death for us. And who can we possibly trust for that kind of dough!

While those treacherous little devils were tearing themselves apart laughing Mel suddenly swooped up a stick of dynamite and lit its fuse with the match with which he had been lighting a cigarette. "Drop your guns," he said to Quicaca who had quit laughing. "And I'll throw the dynamite into the lake . . . and don't think that shooting me will save you . . . you won't be able to get here and throw this dynamite before it goes off."

Quicaca couldn't take his little black eyes off the sputtering fuse. The muscles in his face twitched. "We have nothing to lose," Mel said.

He wasn't bluffing. Sudden annihilation would be better than whatever Quicaca would do to us after we'd dug out the gold.

Quicaca stood it for another second. Then he flung the Webleys onto the ground.

Immediately Mel hurled the dynamite toward the lake and dived to the ground and swooped up one of the Webleys. Meanwhile I beat

the zombies to the other one.

**TWO OF THE** zombies tried to take it away from me. I shot one in the face. His friend quickly got the idea and backed away and began to wipe the dead zombie's brains off his chest.

Then the dynamite exploded. Quicaca looked at its cascade of mud and debris for a couple moments before he said, "You haven't accomplished a thing. You'll never get out of this jungle alive. My people . . ."

"You're going with us," Mel said, "just to make sure we get out. So tell your boys to inform your people that if we don't make it—you don't make it."

Mel and I watched the zombies fade into the jungle, then he said, "Let's get the hell out of here."

The girls, who had watched the whole drama with blanched faces, helped us pack up.

Ten minutes later, with Quicaca loaded down even heavier than our two pack mules, we began to plod

through the Muerto Swamp toward the Caribbean port village of Tocuyo de la Costa.

"What's our chances?" I said in English.

"I wish I knew," Mel said grimly. "But," he added tight-lipped, "I'm damn sure of one thing . . . if we don't survive this trip, Quicaca won't either. I notched a bullet especially for that little devil. It'll tear him apart."

An hour later, dripping sweat and fighting the swamp's mud and insects—and worried that at any moment a spear would hurtle into my back—I cursed the day I'd gotten involved in this fantastic adventure.


Mel and I had operated the M & S Service Garage on Cincinnati's 7th Street, an enterprise with more debts than profit.

Mel's hobby had been reading about the explorers of the Spanish Main on the northern coasts of Panama, Venezuela and Columbia. He said he had an inherited interest in this phase of South America's his-

(Continued on page 50)



# HOW I TRIED LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN



I wanted to find out for myself whether the thrill that "they" offered was as good as what I'd known!

by KAREN DeL----

I HAD ALWAYS known that my cousin Lorraine was a female homosexual, but it had never really bothered me. If I thought anything about it, it was a sense of surprise that such a beautiful, rich-figured, vivacious, charming and happy woman could live a life of apparent completeness without men. For myself it seemed impossible. Sexual relations were something I relished and without a man, physical pleasure seemed utterly inconceivable. Yet my cousin Lorraine was always friendly and fun to have around. She was a first-rate companion to talk to, and a good pal in every respect. I never discussed her personal habits with her and she never commented on mine. It was better that way.

Yet there were times when I wondered about it; perhaps after a particularly difficult argument with my husband, or on the opposite extreme, after a magnificent love session when lying back, content and totally satisfied my mind kept teasing as I tried to imagine what she could know that was anything like what I had just experienced.

If I did ask, nine times out of ten, she'd merely grin and brush it off with some lighthearted comment. There was a barrier that neither of us could really break through.

But on this particular day there was something different. My husband was away on an extended business trip and for some reason or another my own feelings of sex need and frustration were almost surface raw. I was in the type of mood that leads many women into ill-considered pickup affairs, anything that will give some relief to a most basic requirement. I was ready to explode and I guess Lorraine saw it written all over me.

"Bad huh!" she remarked.

"You wouldn't know," I answered crossly. "You've never had a man. How could you understand what it's like to be without one."

"Why don't you tell me, then," she said softly.

I was feeling just bitchy enough to want to hurt, so I let go, all out, in the plainest four letter words I knew. I surprised myself. I didn't know I could reveal my innermost thoughts and sensations so uninhibitedly. I held nothing back from her and when I'd finished I was practically sobbing.

Lorraine just looked at me for a few minutes, smiling almost sadly, nodding her head. "What makes you think I'm so different?" she finally asked. "Don't you

(Continued on page 60)



Two young Filipinos who were part of the guerrilla movement on Luzon finally find time for relaxation and romance after the return of the American forces had forced the Japs to abandon the occupation of island.

The odds against them seemed totally impossible but even so, the idea of surrender was even worse. So the two of them, alone, started out to organize a resistance to fight the Japs for as long as either of them remained alive!

# THE JAP KILLERS OF LUZON

by LEN HUMBOLDT



Americans and guerrillas join forces to attack a native house where Japanese forces are living. The isolated building was destroyed and the occupying soldiers totally killed.



An American soldier comes on the corpse of a Japanese machine gunner who was killed in his jungle hiding place.

**T**ECHNICAL SERGEANT James Kennedy cursed silently. He had needed three rounds to kill the Japanese straggler.

The Nip was dead—but now Jim Kennedy had only four cartridges left. And, what was worse, the enemy soldier had been unarmed. Jim could not even loot another weapon and ammunition from the corpse.

The tall, leathery American pushed his way through the matted underbrush until he reached the sprawled body of the Jap. He squatted down beside the dead man and searched through the pockets of his torn and blood-stained uniform.

"Damn it!" Kennedy cursed again. "The bastard doesn't even have an identity card!"

Jim straightened up. Moving cautiously, he edged back into the jungle. A moment later, he reached a barely discernible trail and walked along it rapidly for several minutes. When the trail made a sudden and sharp turn to the right, he halted and whistled softly. He waited until he heard an answering whistle, and then continued on his way.

The girl was waiting for him a few dozen yards beyond the bend in the trail. Slender, lovely, she stood between two large trees.

"What luck?" she asked. (Continued on page 52)

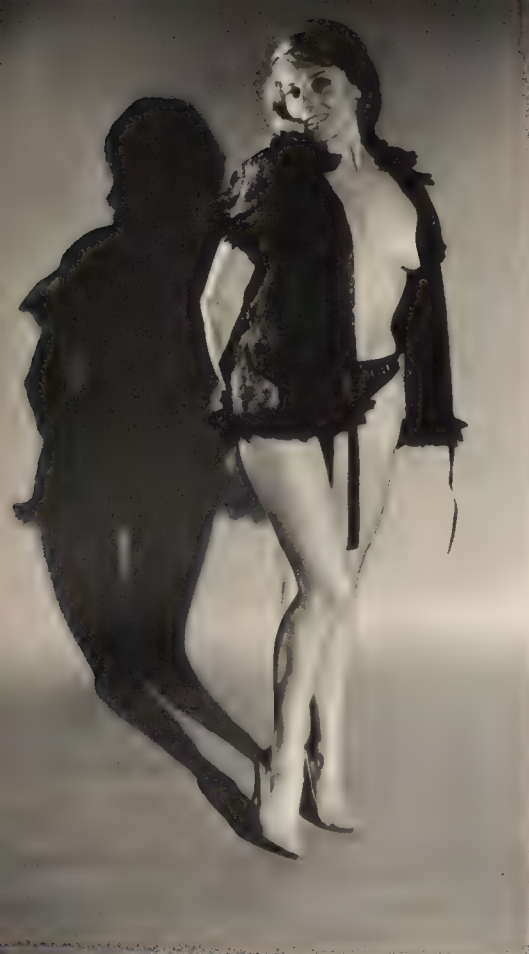


# PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

An actress is called upon to play many parts in each of which she must project a picture. But what can Ann Loring project that's more fascinating than herself!







25-year old Ann Loring, a native of Pennsylvania, is 5' 6" tall, blonde, blue-eyed, and the proud owner of a figure that's 35-24-36!

**PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT**



It was the greatest collection

of Indian fighters ever brought together in the U.S.A.!

# THIRTY-TWO MEN AGAINST RED CLOUD

by FRANK COUCH

**I**T WAS THE SECOND day of August, 1867. The Powder River Valley was silent and the early sun cast ominous shadows across the foothills of the Rockies.

Smitty, a scout for the 27th United States Infantry was a few feet behind his partner when he first noticed the abrupt silence and understood its meaning. Then he saw the war party.

"Jim!" Smitty whispered urgently to his partner. Jim's finger eased on the trigger of his Spencer carbine. The deer he had been holding in rifle sights vanished into the brush.

The two men lay quietly, watching the Sioux until they disappeared in the brush along the game trail.

"That was close," Jim whispered. "What should we do?"

"I don't know," Smitty replied. "Looks like the woods are full of Sioux."

As they lay there, hardly daring to breathe, more and more Indians came into view—all heading in the same direction as the first party.

"Red Cloud must be up to something," Smitty whispered. "Ever since he butchered Fetterman's patrol last December, he's been itching to catch more of the garrison out in the open."

"Do we try for the fort?" Jim said.

Smitty shook his head. "By this time some brave has caught our

(Continued on page 66)



The scouts could see the fight at the wood-cutter's camp. But they could also see the huge force of Sioux coming up along the ridge and they realized that in a few more minutes the cutters would be dead.



There it was, a whole German payroll right under our noses.

Sure we took it. Wouldn't you have done exactly the same!

# MONEY TO BURN

by HOWARD L. OLEK

We saw the Tiger tank at about the same instant as the first shell exploded against us. "Traverse," Dawson shouted desperately. "We can't," came the answer. "Our turret's jammed from the money sacks."

THE C.O. of the 36th Tank Battalion first mentioned this story to me, in late February of 1945. All he knew was that some tank patrol had run into a German pay truck full of money, and had taken a load of Reichsmarks back with them.

It had happened to a Second Lieutenant in Able Company, named Dawson. He and three tanks had been out on a routine patrol.

Trouble was that Dawson was back in a field hospital near Metz, and his tank crew were all dead. It looked like the end of the line on this story. Even so, it still was worth one last try. Maybe the division's medics would know which hospital, and where it was.

They guessed it was the 1403rd Field Hospital, near Metz. It was a long ride back, and probably a wild-goose chase, but I went anyhow.

Luck was with me, and I finally found this Dawson. He was there, flat on his back, wrapped in bandages with one arm in a cast. They told me that he had second-degree burns, a broken arm, and was just over a bad case of shock.

To this day, I don't know what Dawson really looks like. His face was half covered with yellow, oiled gauze over his burns. He had brown eyes and spoke like a well-educated man. He was a young man, apparently in his mid-20's.

(Continued on page 43)



## ESCAPED RED CHINA

(Continued from page 19)

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shooting rampage in which the doctor and three hospital officials were killed; banished to the backcountry Hsian, unable to practice her profession and forced to work as a factory laborer who had finally become a secret rebel against the regime, an active participant of the anti-communist Chinese underground.

I was only too aware of Li-Lin's needs. The only male in the group, she made it quite clear that our safety depended on keeping her happy and contented. Even the presence of Tamara didn't stop her. The Russian girl, shocked at first, turned away in the other direction in the beginning, but after a week stopped either pretending or caring, what she saw or what we did.

And then suddenly one day, Li-Lin snapped alert. We were alongside a town at the time she exclaimed urgently, "Hochu! We must put ashore here. We can't go on beyond the river. There's a chain across the river just above the city and there are soldiers. Over there," she waved north, "is the Wall and the desert. We must try to slip through on land. No one can follow the river any further. It is forbidden. Pull ashore, but try to get as far toward the north end of the city as you can. We'll wait till night and then try for the Gobi."

I was scared—even more than scared. Maybe all those quiet days on the river had lulled me into a sense of false security, but now suddenly I was aware that I was still in China, and that even if we succeeded in getting through, we'd be in the emptiest, most desolate waste on earth, alone, helpless, without food or water.

But there was nothing else we could do. We fiddled around, delaying until twilight, and then, just at the end of day we slipped onto the western bank, tied up the boat as if we were just going into town and walked away.

It was too much to hope that we'd make it without any trouble. We had gone maybe five miles north, when the voice rang out quite clearly, "Halt! Who are you! Stop or I'll shoot!"

"Walther, drop down, out of sight," Li-Lin's whisper was urgent, curt.

I did as I was told, dropping to the dusty earth and flattening myself against the ground.

"Try to come up behind him while I keep him occupied. But don't let him shoot. A shot will bring half a company." And Li-Lin, her arms upraised, with Tamara concealed in her shadow behind her walked slow-

ly toward the soldier.

I heard her start to flirt with him, teasing that he had nothing to fear from a peasant woman. She lifted up her skirt. It was almost dainty the way she did it, but I could see the soldier's eyes turn down and rivet on her body. Then quietly, trying to remember everything I'd been taught in the gymnasium and military training, I slithered over the ground. Damn it was slow. And at every movement, the hiss of the sandy soil against my body seemed to crash out louder than a band of kettledrums. It just didn't seem possible for the soldier not to hear me. It was a long circle up behind the man, until I was within inches of him. I got to my knees, slowly. And then I jumped him, leaping across his back, my arms grabbing for his hands and his gun.

For a second as he fell forward, crashing over onto the ground, I thought I had him. And then he turned, right in my grasp, his heavy-booted feet kicking out.

IT CRASHED INTO my shin. I grunted and one of my arms slipped off him. As quick as a snake he wrenched away and lashed his fist into my face. I was practically reeling. I punched back. It felt good as my fist slammed into his neck just under his jaw. It was his turn to sag. I let go another smash, deep into his gut. He doubled up retching before I could straighten him up with another crash to the jaw. His mouth opened. Bloodied teeth fell out. I was afraid he was going to yell, so I brought up my knee right into his crotch.

The only sound that came out of him was a thin, wailing gasp. He bent over, drooling bloody saliva and vomit. I crashed both my fists down across the back of his neck. He dropped like a stone.

I wanted to leave him there, but I didn't dare chance his coming to and giving the alarm. I pulled back my foot and kicked at his head and neck till I was certain his spinal cord was broken. I dragged him off a hundred yards into the dry dust and dropped his limp body behind a hill. They'd find him in the morning of course, but by then, we'd be long gone—I hoped.

We had a rifle and ammunition now and an empty road ahead, into the desert through the gap the sentry was supposed to have guarded.

That wasn't quite the end of our troubles, but the rest was almost anti-climactic. The Gobi is as vast as it is empty. We wandered around, like lost goats in the wilderness for two days. And then, half dead from hunger and thirst, we were picked up by wandering tribesmen. The nomads cared less about Mao Tse Tung than they did about any offi-

fight birth defects JOIN  
MARCH OF DIMES



cial from China. Hospitality is as old as the Gobi. Any lost traveler would receive the same treatment—provided there were no soldiers within rifle distance.

We were passed north, from tribe to tribe. Until finally, one day we crossed the unmarked border between Inner and Outer Mongolia. We were in Russian controlled territory now, and as refugees from China we were admitted.

Li-Lin stayed in Ulan Bator. A hospital in the Mongolian capital was only too delighted to find a university trained nurse. Tamara, re-

turned to Russia where she no doubt took up her teaching career again. I hope they're both happy.

I returned to East Germany. How I managed to wrangle a passport to visit Sweden is another story entirely, but today I'm a free man again. I've had enough of communism. Whether it's the terror of the Chinese variety, or the all-encompassing blanket of East German oppression makes little difference. The only salvation for mankind is to fight back. A Chinese nymphomaniac taught me that. And it's a lesson that I'll never forget. ●

## MONEY TO BURN

(Continued from page 41)

He was in command of the second platoon, in the light tank company. They had been having pretty good luck in the advance down into the Rhineland. On February 20th, they had moved into the village of Rinden, not far into Germany from Naasticht and the Dutch border.

The Germans seemed to be in full retreat. It was like a parade, following after them. His platoon was in fine shape. They had been lucky, and they were a good team. "Best in the division," he said with satisfaction.

And then this patrol job had been wished on him. He had looked forward to a day of rest. His men could use a day of quiet, in one place. They had expected to have time to look around, and see what was inside some of the German houses they usually just passed by. Fraternizing was forbidden, too, but everybody did it. A good officer looked the other way, sometimes. But no, Division wanted a patrol tomorrow.

"Aimee," his own tank, had to go, of course. She had the command channel radio—the only one that could transmit and receive over a distance of more than a few miles. The orders were to patrol east as far as possible, to make contact with the retreating Krauts. It might be a long way.

They were to try to locate the nearest German position, and try to estimate its strength. A real day's work, that looked like, with the Krauts backing away rapidly. But there was no choice. Grumbling and grouching, the men were set to work.

Three tanks were chosen to go, out of the platoon's five. If all five went, it would look like an attack. The Krauts might let a patrol go by without starting a fight, but they'd surely fight if they thought it was an attack. He had decided that with "Aimee" he would take "Arthritis" and "Awful." At least, the crews of the other two tanks would have a day off. Sergeant Crosby in "Arthritis," and Sergeant Reinstein in "Awful" were good men to have along. They were the best of his tank commanders.

At dawn, the three tanks moved out towards the east, engines muffled down to a quiet thrum. In the lead was Dawson, swaying in his turret hatch as

he leaned on his elbows and peered through binoculars at the winding, narrow road ahead. Behind him, at 100-yard intervals, the other two tanks followed.

Every now and then, Dawson spoke into his throat microphone, calling the other tanks to move up, or to wait. Every quarter-hour, he switched his radio to the command channel, and reported back to headquarters, describing what he saw. Then he would switch back to "intercom" to talk to his crew, in order to keep them alert under their locked hatches. They traveled "buttoned up," with only the tank commanders peering cautiously from their open hatches.

■ LATE IN THE MORNING, as they neared an intersection with another road, the tanks slowed to a crawl. Far off to the right, a hum of engines warned that some vehicles were approaching the crossroad. Quietly, Dawson had passed the word to his crews, to prepare for possible action.

Gunners swung forward into position, their foreheads pressed against the telescope sights, and their hands spun elevation and traverse wheels. Turrets turned, and the big guns leveled on the crossroad. Loaders pushed ready racks of shells closer. Bow gunners worked the bolts of their machine guns, to see that they moved freely.

Then the approaching sounds grew to the dull roar of a truck engine, accompanied by the sharper noise of two motorcycles. A big German army truck came laboring up a grade, towards the intersection. Ahead of it came two motorcycle outriders, coal scuttle helmets strapped down and Mauser rifles swung across their backs.

Dawson thought fast, and decided to stop them. The truck's contents would tell much about what German units were nearby. He spoke into his intercom. "Gunner. Stop the truck with co-axial machine gun fire, at the road junction. Bow Gunner. You get the two Krauts on the motor bikes. Fire when ready."

As the little enemy caravan entered the crossroad, the tank's machine guns cracked out in long, tearing bursts. First one motorcycle man, then the next, careened off to one side in crazy, skidding slides. Then they pitched over and lay still, their motors racing

and wheels still spinning.

The truck lurched erratically and ground heavily to a halt, half tipped over in a shallow ditch. Its smashed windshield was mute evidence of the fate of the driver and his mate, slumped motionless behind it. Probably, they never knew what hit them.

As the echoes of gunfire died away the tanks waited expectantly. All was still again. There was nothing to be seen. The little convoy had been all alone.

Cautiously, the first tank moved up close to the smashed truck. Pistol in hand, Dawson climbed down and approached the truck. With him had gone his loader, carrying a Tommy Gun at the ready.

A quick glance at the motorcycle men and into the truck's cab was enough. The Germans were all dead. The black uniforms of the two motorcyclists told that they were S.S. men. Otherwise no division insignia were visible to identify the dead men.

Dawson walked quickly to the back of the truck. It was locked, and a heavy combination lock sealed the tailboard catch.

Without hesitation, he raised his .45 and fired one shot into the lock. Smashed, it hung limply from the hasp. He pulled it off, and threw open the tail board end and the double doors above it.

Inside, the floor of the truck was stacked with many small cloth sacks, each carefully tied and tagged. He reached in and drew out one sack. The tag read "1703 Panzergranadier Artillerie." He took another. Its tag read "77 Oberkommando." Hastily he ripped the twine off one bag, and upended it on the tailboard. As he did so, he gasped.

■ MONEY Poured out—neat stacks of paper money, each stack bound with a paper strip, like packages of money in a bank.

As he stared at the little heap of paper, Dawson's mind raced dizzily. It was a payroll, all right. This was a German army payroll truck. Each bag in it contained the pay for a unit. That explained the identification tags. Maybe the pay for a whole corps or army was in this truck. There was a fortune lying right in front of him.

The finance officer only the day before had said that German money would be used by the occupation forces, as well as C.I. scrip. This was real money. He was rich! His men were rich. Excitement welled up in him.

"Thompson, Porter!" he shouted. "Come here, on the double. Get over here. Take a look at this."

The men crowded around the truck, and stared in amazement. Faces flushed as they pawed through the sacks, and tore open one after another.

"Some loot, eh Lieutenant!" chortled one of the excited soldiers. "Legitimate, too. It's enemy army stuff, like a Luger

or a Kraut helmet."

Despite his own excitement, Dawson had not forgotten his job. He turned to one of his men. "Porter," he said, "tear the identification tags off all the sacks, and take the tags with us. They'll give G-2 practically a blueprint of the Kraut units in this area."

Without waiting for his approval, the men were rushing back and forth between his tank and the truck, loading sacks of money into the tank. Caution and discipline were momentarily gone, and the men did not even look around as they ran to and from the bonanza in the truck.

Back up the road the second tank waited, its guns trained over their heads. Grosby, its commander, squinted towards the crossroad, uncertain and worried, wondering what they were doing, and why they seemed so excited.

His mind almost dizzy, Dawson stood still and watched his crewmen absently. He said nothing for a few minutes.

Back home he had been an accountant, not poor, but certainly not rich. Now, he would be able to open his own office, get married, buy a house, maybe a foreign-make sports car—all the things everyone wanted. There would be money to burn. The thought kept pounding at him, unreal as it seemed. He had a fortune in his hands.

Surely, they were entitled to keep some of it—a good big piece, he reasoned. But that could be argued out when they got back.

■ **SUDDENLY, HE SNAPPED** himself back to reality. Thompson was up in the turret, throwing a 75 mm. shell out of the tank.

"Thompson!" he bellowed, "what in thunder are you doing there?"

"Making room for the dough, Lieutenant," the soldier answered happily. "We've got plenty of ammo, and we need more room for the sacks."

"Well, you cut that out right now," Dawson commanded. "Are you men crazy!" Auger, and a sudden sharp pang of worry shot through him.

"All right, now. Break it up! Mount up, and get ready to roll. Where in hell do you men think you are—on a picnic?" He had to get the men back to reality. The whole thing was crazy dangerous, right out in the middle of enemy territory.

Slowly, the men turned back and climbed reluctantly into the tank. Dawson heard one of them muttering rebelliously under his breath: "All that dough, and just letting it sit there."

The whole affair had taken about ten minutes, Dawson thought, as he slid down into the commander's hatch. Not too bad. Better call in to division now. He plugged in his earphones and spoke the call words.

Division had noticed nothing. He made a routine report. "Enemy truck and two motorcycle riders destroyed at road junction, map coordinates Grid 115-72. Also picked up identification

tags which may be of interest to G-2. We now are turning for the south-to-north leg of the patrol, before returning." Routine acknowledgements followed, and then "Over, and out."

Quickly then, he told the two other tank commanders what had happened, as his tank swung around the curve and started down the new road. Their eager curiosity had to be cut short. It was well past noon, and there was a long way to go before they'd be back in the safety of their own lines. The leapfrog reconnaissance of stop and go resumed.

He had said nothing to Headquarters about the money. He had to think it out first. There would be plenty of time to tell them about it when they got back.

He halted just below a rise, and searched the landscape ahead. There was a clump of farm buildings there, not far off the road, with a brick-walled enclosure. That might be a good spot for an ambush on this road. He called to Grosby to come up and cover them.

Normally, Grosby's tank would come up, and pass on to the next ridge, while "Aimee" covered the advance. But this time Dawson had decided to cross this little valley himself. "You don't ask your men to do what you don't like to do yourself," he said.

When "Arthritis" had taken position, and Grosby had waved him on, Dawson spoke to his driver. "Move fast to the next rise, past that farm yard. I don't like the looks of it." The tank bucked as the driver gunned it.

■ **"BLAM!"** THE BACK of the tank seemed to explode. Inside, the crew were smacked violently to one side, as the great steel vehicle rocked sickeningly. Suddenly, the bellowing engine was silent. Only the grinding of the tracks continued for a few seconds, as sheer momentum carried the heavy machine a little way farther.

Desperately, Dawson twisted around to look back. There it was, behind the farmhouse—a Tiger tank. Its enormous gun, big as a telegraph pole, was turning steadily towards them, feeling, like a huge insect, for its prey. In moments it would fire again. It was hardly 400 yards away—point-blank range.

He screamed into his intercom: "Gunner, traverse right! Tiger tank, right rear, 400 yards!"

Nothing happened. He kicked out savagely at Jim, the gunner. "Jim, traverse right. We're being hit. What the hell is the matter?" The whine of the traversing power motor rose to a scream—but nothing happened.

"It won't go, Lieutenant!" Jim's voice sounded agonized. "It won't go. I think the turret basket is jammed with the sacks. The damned sacks of money are all wedged in and jammed."

"Spang—wheel!" They had been hit again. The tank shook slightly. A ricochet hit, glancing off the side armor. Even in his startled horror, Dawson thought dimly, "The Kraut gunner is

too anxious. He's shooting too fast."

A wisp of smoke slid past his face as he peered down inside the turret. Fire! That first hit in the engine had started a fire.

Cold terror ran through his veins. Too often he had seen what fire meant in a tank. To burn helplessly in a flaming iron coffin—that was the nightmare of every tanker. He had heard the horrible screaming of men in such fires. He had seen them crawl, all aflame, out of stricken machines, to run like living torches for a few seconds before falling to writhe in agony and death.

"Bail out!" he screamed. "Fire in the hold! Bail out!"

"Smash!" The side of the tank burst in near his feet and a horrible fiery thing roared in a fantastic circle around the hull. An armor-piercing shell, spinning and ricocheting like a top inside the tank. A gout of flame leaped up through his hatch, singeing his face and eyebrows, filling his mouth and throat, and turning his vision into a gray haze. Clawing and kicking like an animal in deathly fear, he pushed himself up through his hatch, and out.

He hardly felt the shock as he tumbled over the side, and down to the ground. A white-hot pain in his arm told of a broken bone, as he crawled, panting, away from "Aimee." But he was out. He could breathe again. He sucked air into his singed lungs and turned painfully, as his mind leaped to Jim and the others in the tank. And suddenly, too, he remembered the sacks of money.

From "Aimee's" turret a column of flame and smoke boiled upward. She was burning like a torch. Jim was in there, and the others—and the damned, cursed sacks of money. And there was nothing he could do. He lay in a little hollow on the icy earth, and he retched and shook with shock and horror.

■ **FAR BACK, UP** the hill, there was the crack of a 75. That was Grosby. He was firing at the farmhouse. From where he was he couldn't possibly see the Tiger. But he had seen what had happened.

As in a dream, Dawson saw the enormous German tank move out from the barnyard. Behind it, like moving fortresses, came two more giant machines. One of them fired once; almost disdainfully, at the gaddy up on the hilltop. The concussion of its big 88 gun shook the ground under Dawson.

Then, grim and forbidding, the three monsters wheeled around and ground clanking away to the east. As they disappeared, waves of nausea and dizziness washed over Dawson.

After that, he remembered only vague, dim things. How cold it was, the tearing hot pain in his arm, and how warm his face felt. Light and darkness washing up and down, like waves. Then Grosby's face, dim and cloudy.

"We couldn't come back for you any sooner, sir," the face had said. "We'll get you home. Don't worry."



There was another vague voice. Then the sting of a needle. That must have been first-aid morphine. Then the long, rocking ride, half sickness and half dream, far into the night.

They had got home, all right—no thanks to him. He who should have guided and led them was brought in by them, helpless, and a hindrance.

He was better now. But he could not get it out of his mind.

His men were gone. His tank was gone. The money was gone. Everything was gone. It was a week before he was well again, and able to think straight—a week on a field hospital bed, filled with nightmares of flames, sacks of money, and burning men.

"As God is my judge," Dawson said, trying to prop himself up, his eyes pleading, "I don't think what I did was wrong. It could have happened to anyone. We were entitled to bring in that money. It was my duty to bring in. I know of no Army regulation that could tell me what to do. Whether or not we should or could have kept any of the money for ourselves doesn't matter now. Any line officer would have done the same thing."

He fell back on his pillow. Almost defiantly, he finished: "Maybe our turret jammed on the sacks, and maybe not. We were done for anyhow. What difference does it make now? I don't think that I did anything wrong."

I never reported it. What difference could it make? The story was filed away in my mind.

Now, years later, it certainly cannot do any harm to tell it. What happened to Lieutenant Dawson, I never heard. Anyhow, his name wasn't Dawson. ●

## SEXUAL RESEARCH

(Continued from page 21)

their work is being duplicated by a number of people for various reasons.

Some of their imitators are legitimate medical and scientific researchers, adapting new tools and methods in order to continue the search for answers to the age old problems of sex. Others are marriage counselors and lay psychologists who use the new techniques to help patients regain sexual potency. Some of these men and women are legitimate, others are charlatans. Some institute their treatments in private offices, others have set up phony laboratories and research centers in order to recruit a paying clientel.

Other less than reputable research centers have been established by unscrupulous quacks in order to provide a semi-legitimate front for sex clubs and wife swapping activities, as well as to provide a source for pornographic movies. There have also been cases in which the pro-

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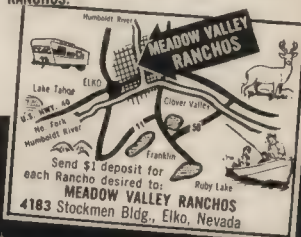
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prieters of such centers were really engaged in blackmail. And in one case the researcher was a rich eccentric who got his kicks from watching rather than doing. When he wasn't actually observing couples as they made love, he had a filmed record of their activities to remind him.

As shown in the studies conducted by Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson, there is no trouble getting volunteers for sex research, even when it involves photography and direct observation. As long as people feel that the studies are legitimate and that they will be of benefit to others, they are eager to serve. Furthermore, they feel that they, too, may be able to learn something about sex as a result of their participation.

Thus it is that the phonies, the charlatans and the quacks have found it comparatively easy not only to recruit volunteers but to have people pay for the privilege of participating in their so-called sexual research.

**T**HE ACTIVITIES of the National Sex Foundation, offer a case in point. Under the direction of a leading doctor the N.S.F. was purportedly engaged in sex research that would improve the sexual relationship of married couples. Part of the research involved treatment of couples who had problems with potency, frigidity, sexual compatibility. While the foundation was supposed to be a non profit organization, couples who came for treatment paid handsomely for the privilege.

Not to be outdone by the researchers at George Washington University, the N.S.F. made use of direct observation, motion pictures and a number of devices which were used to measure the action and reaction of couples engaged in sexual intercourse. The purpose of all this as the director of N.S.F. explained it was to enable him to make a complete scientific diagnosis of the patients' sexual inadequacies. The pity of it was that most of the instruments were useless and there was no film in the camera most of the time. In light of this and the additional fact that the N.S.F. director and his female assistant got their jollies out of watching other people, the couples who went to him were paying a mighty high price for what they were getting.

If the truth be told, however, the N.S.F. director did clear up a number of cases of frigidity among his women patients. If they appeared willing he merely invited them in for a private session, at an extra fee of course. He had learned something about sex technique over the years and in most cases was able to impart some of this knowledge and en-

thusiasm to erstwhile frigid women. By the same token his assistant was able to contribute to the sexual recovery of some of the men patients. She was a lissom, shapely wench in her mid twenties and as often as not the mere sight of her was enough to restore potency to an old buck who could no longer be aroused by his ever loving wife.

In another case a sexual research institute was formed in the Mid West. Volunteers were sought out among the upper middle classes. Of course many of those invited to participate in the studies refused. By the same token, however, a great many said yes. Films were also used as part of the research technique. In this case, however, there was always film in the camera. After all of the volunteers had been photographed the institute suddenly went out of business. That was all any of the participants knew until they received a small strip of film in the mail, along with a notice that they could acquire the complete film for \$5000. Otherwise it would be sent to friends and relatives. One or two couples did make payment, but fortunately the blackmailers were apprehended before they could distribute any of the film. Although no real harm came of it, this should serve as a warning to others who are approached to engage in sex research studies to make sure that the organization is legitimate.

In another instance the phony researchers weren't caught and most of the volunteers never did discover that they had been taken. This time the psychiatrist and his assistant operated a sexual recovery institute in the southeastern part of the United States. Patients stayed at the institute for periods ranging from two weeks to three months in hopes of regaining lost virility, or merely to improve sexual technique and gain new enjoyment from what had become an old kick.

The doctor who ran the institute passed himself off as a psychiatrist, but the closest he had ever come to the medical profession was in spending a month in veterinarian school. He was another handy man with a camera. What he evolved as treatment was a combination of method acting and psychodrama, in which patients were asked to act out their sexual desires and frustrations not only with their wives but with other patients and staff members at the institute. It was all great fun and very realistic, with the doctor and his patients devising elaborate little scenarios and acting them out to the smallest detail.

**T**HERE WERE WOMEN, for instance, who fancied themselves at the center of a male harem. The good doctor provided the men and saw to it that they performed to the



lady's satisfaction. In other cases it was men who wanted to play with a number of girls. So the willing young ladies were supplied. These were more or less normal desires. In other instances women wanted what they referred to as "violent sex." This might involve the use of whips, chains, torture and degradation at the hands of other patients, staff members or others recruited for this purpose.

For the most part, however, patients were fairly unimaginative at first. They merely thought up run-of-the-mill sexual episodes. It was the institute who gave them ideas about new thrills and techniques. In a typical production, for instance, several couples were induced to pretend they were having a party and play out a scene where they all got drunk and then got involved in a wife swapping affair.

After giving the so called patients a few real drinks and some mood changing drugs, this was easy enough to do. And in most cases the men went after the other men's wives with an enthusiasm they hadn't been able to muster up for their own wives in years. So in this way at least, the therapy proved beneficial.

What none of the patients realized, however, was that the cameras grinding away through it all were recording the action for quite a large audience. Of course the participants expected to get a chance to view the film in order that they could explore their own sexual techniques and see how they might improve. That was supposed to be part of the treatment. However, the head of the institute had contacts with a distributor of pornographic movies. He sold some of his best films to this gentleman who in turn passed them on to dealers in South America and Europe. However, some were distributed by mistake in the United States, with the result that several prominent patients of the institute were more than somewhat embarrassed.

Other phony sexologists have formed institutes in order to gather together groups of persons like themselves, who are interested in offbeat sex of one kind or another. Like the legitimate institutes they subject prospective volunteers to a long interview and have them fill out extensive questionnaires. In these cases, however, the object is not to weed out those who are regarded as unnatural curiosity seekers or who have an unhealthy attitude toward sex. It is rather to get rid of those who have a normal attitude toward sex.

Once a nucleus of like-minded souls has been gathered, the so-called sexologist forms his own brand of sex cult or wife swapping club. In most cases no one is hurt, since those involved are of legal age and quite

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able to make their own decisions regarding the state of their sex life.

There have been instances, however, in which unscrupulous men and women gathered a group of teenagers together not only to satisfy their own warped desires but to produce pornographic movies. In one case a young girl was so ashamed by her experience that she committed suicide, leaving a note incriminating the man who had defiled her and several of her friends. He was sentenced to a long term in jail.

There are many other cases in which the charlatans and quacks have adapted the latest advances in sex research to their own advantage. Sometimes the results are costly to participants, but otherwise harmless.

## EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from page 23)

hand thirty minutes earlier. "Amigo, you are most welcome in my modest abode. Have a snort. I fix you a steak?"

"Why not?"

"*Si, como no!*" he chuckled as he swung around a bottle and I swung onto the stool. He poured out two drinking glasses full. "I believe in muchissimo friendship with olimen and I believe in starting early."

"You can say that again. It's only eleven."

"By the way, amigo, someone was asking for you last night. I told her you'd probably be around to-night—"

"Her! Who the devil was it?"

"Elena!" He said it softly, not looking at me.

The same old knife turned in the same old wound in spite of myself. It had been eighteen months since Elena and I had decided to call it quits. The divorce was short, quick and friendly. The gap following it was deep, long and surprisingly painful, even after eighteen months.

I ordered more tequila. Vara brought it over.

"If she comes again say I've gone, amigo."

"It's too late for that," Vara inclined his head toward the door.

My ex-wife stood in the doorway, gold hair piled in braids above her head. She came toward my table with the wistful smile I'd never been able to forget. Eighteen months fell away as if they'd never happened. In one split-second I knew that I wanted Elena, even more than the first time we'd met. Not admitting it would have been kidding myself.

WE TALKED AS if we'd never been apart. Elena told me about a job that didn't pan out, about a new apartment overlooking a gar-

There are other cases as we have seen, however, in which the result is degradation and even death for those who have been victimized.

A word of warning then to those who might be asked to volunteer in what they might think to be a good cause of furthering the sexual knowledge of mankind. Make absolutely sure that the institute is legitimate, recognized by the medical and/or psychiatric professions. At the same time check up on the credentials of the researchers involved. It may well be that they are legitimate. At the same time it is just as possible that they are phonies out to make a dishonest buck or to get a cheap thrill out of your desire to help your fellow man.

den full of tropical birds. Her eyes told me a different story. They said she still ached for me. Impulsively I reached across the table and took her hand.

"Elena. It was a mistake, the divorce, I mean."

Her gray eyes brimmed with tears as she nodded at me, too moved to speak. For the next hour and a half we laid the base for a new life together. More immediately we agreed to dinner, one of Amos Vara's steaks. Elena went across town to her apartment to wind up her affairs preparatory to moving in with me. After that, she was to return to my hotel for dinner. I went upstairs to shave and wash.

After the shower, I flopped back on the big brass bed and closed my eyes awaiting Amos Vara's call to chow. It never came—never. The only sound I heard out of Vara's mouth was one terrified shriek emanating from his kitchen as the earthquake detonated the peaceful silence of the Peruvian morning.

The next thing I knew was that the world was suddenly coming to a hideous end. All I could think of was Elena. I knew I had to find her before losing her forever. Peru's second largest city, situated on the slopes of the active volcano Misti, began to die. In the last few seconds before the wall crumbled, I watched the sun on the mountains and the strange phenomenon of a city below waking to the awful realization of a catastrophe. The streets were filled with panicked men and women, all of them running, some already falling and dying as the tidal wave of bloody hell rolled over them.

"Oh God!" I moaned. "Get me out of here!"

My prayer was answered almost before the words were out of my mouth—the wall and the entire fourth floor suddenly buckled. In the street a great steaming fissure appeared and a lot of people began tumbling into their common coffin.

As the earth gasped another of

its bone-shattering jolts, my wall sagged. I wasn't thrown. I simply dropped with it—straight down—the rubble piling all around me, dust billowing up, choking me, blinding me, until the hard ground cracked against my head and I lay there whimpering piteously until unconsciousness took the place of the pains. It was the pain that revived me some time later.

Coughing up dust, I crawled out of the rubble. I intended to get to Elena's apartment if it meant going the whole way on my hands and knees. I could hardly see. I sat there in the debris holding my head, squeezing it to keep my scalp together. When I removed my hands I saw blood and dirt, but I was too dazed to be frightened any longer. I recognized the mutilated torso of the maestro a few yards away. The chubby brown right hand still clutched at my raw steak. On my hands and knees, I crawled from the mound toward the earth.

The sensation of being lifted bodily again and then slammed down hard became a stunning reality. I felt myself rolling awkwardly, then dropping into darkness. I clutched at a door, but the tremendous force of the downward motion tore my hand away. I landed in a crevasse, perhaps five feet deep, my head almost bursting from pressure and noise.

If the crevasse closed again, I would be squeezed to death. The terrible fear galvanized me into action. Torn as my body was, I reached up to the lip of the earth and raised myself onto it. The tremendous vibrations bounced my limp, bleeding body and I gravitated toward the wrecked hote.

Other than the dead maestro, I saw none of Arequipa's 200,000 residents in the early stages of the quake. The smudge of choking death obliterated everything and I was almost blind. My head throbbed and no amount of squeezing could stop the agitation. I was so weak I could only pray for death. I lay there stupefied, the picture of utter helplessness, until I began to cough so violently I had to sit up. When I did, I lost consciousness again.

SOMETHING BOUNCED against the back of my neck, stinging me awake. I sagged forward on my face. As I opened my eyes, pieces of wood and plaster smacked my body and I clawed into it, trying to lift it piece meal. I could smell fire above the chalk smell of adobe plaster. Vaguely, I could hear the squeak of human terror all about me, above the heavy detonations of the splitting earth.

I was covered with blood, the skin torn from both hands, my right shoulder dislocated and every rib aching like hell! Hundreds of peo-



ple crawled around deep fissures carved in the smoking earth. A wall of fire blazed on either side of the long street. Suddenly, I began bouncing so hard my jaw clattered, my body rose and crashed to the ground like a rat being shaken by a terrier. Deep, welling, knifing pains surged through my dust covered carcass.

"Elena," I screamed, "I'm coming for you! Wait for me, Elena!"

I couldn't move. By some miracle I'd crawled through the mound of housing. Now I lay atop the mound, staring through a veil of tears and blood, watching fire rage in the street. I saw a man running toward me carrying the limp, nude body of his wife; a young girl sat in the street beside a fissure, peering into the hole and waving her arms. I saw the town's department store become a glut of yellow fire and black, evil smoke rising dismally above the city. I wanted to die.

It wasn't possible to scream above the booming of the earthquake. No thunder I had ever heard equaled that thunder, that spoken misery from the bowels of the earth.

*What happens? How do I get out of here—when do I get out of here, dear God! Help me!*

I had no thoughts of anything but Elena. But like everything else in that desolation, they seemed like hopeless dreams fading in the stinking, consummate rubble. The palling black smoke rose high and bolded

out the sunlight and covered the undulating mountain from where I lay. It was over for me and I began quietly to make my peace.

All around me lay stark death, instant death. It came from beneath the quaking earth, and rained down in sheets of fire and huge chunks of rock and debris. Nobody could escape it—not even the luckier ones who tried to run up the hills. The ground kept opening and closing, and in many tragic instances, squeezed unto death hundreds of persons.

I myself lay in the debris unable to move. I lay there even as the wood burned around me, until in a move of desperation, I gripped a piece of planking and hit myself over the head to lose consciousness. It didn't work. Somewhere beneath the bloody pulp that was my head, a spark of sanity prevailed finally, and I inched down the rubble until I collapsed again.

In the agonized black void, people were still screaming and now, abruptly, there were sirens. Fanned by a westerly wind, the flames on the prado roared out of control.

I TRIED TO call to a survivor—but couldn't open my mouth. I leaned up on my elbows, clutching the leg of a man. Blood caked his eyes and dripped from his limp arm. But he moved me. He draped his good arm around my chest and drag-

ged me across the road. Then I saw him tearing at rubble that had been the facade of his house. Since I no longer had a voice in my body, I was as helpless as any one human could possibly be.

The earthquake was on again, and again I was being dragged. I felt myself being lifted by the earth and bouncing again, then dropping into an abyss. I wondered if there was anyone—anywhere—some vestige of life that had the strength and courage to help me. Then I stopped thinking; I stopped for a long time.

For seven days I lay in a coma, one of the hundreds of casualties that President Manuel Prado saw during his visit to the stricken city. Sixty-one persons died in the earthquake; hundreds were permanently injured. The American Hotel ceased to exist. So did Amos Vara and his family. Miraculously, my Elena was saved. It took her two weeks of combing morgues and hospitals, of examining countless corpses, to find me. When I saw my almost twice lost wife I forgot my shoulder and cracked ribs; forgot everything but the present unbelievable radiance of her presence before me.

By the grace of God we got our second chance at a new life together, but the memory of that infernal night will never diminish. I can't ever forget the tragedy that almost took my life and nearly destroyed my chance to marry my wife again.



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## SWAMP OF DEATH

(Continued from page 29)

tory because legendary General Ignacio Marco Delgado who had subdued the Indians of the Spanish Main, had been the progenitor of Mel's branch of the Delgado family.

I couldn't have cared less until after we sold the business and started to look around for something else. Then Mel said, "The hell with making it the hard way . . . let's take a crack at some real money for a change."

He said he was sure that his studies of the Spanish Main's activities had revealed the location of forgotten gold. "Three hundred years ago," he said, "hostile natives rolled a Spanish Army wagon train loaded with gold off a mountain into a lagoon which extended from Golfo Triste (Gulf of Triste). This part of the lagoon is now Lake Guacuni. Now if we drain this little lake . . ."

I was suddenly all ears. Mel isn't the kind of guy who goes off the deep end.

Surprisingly, my wife Estelle went for the idea but Mel's Mrs. kicked up a rumpus. Estelle, who works with Sally Delgado at the Western & Southern Insurance Company, convinced her, though, that a man who never takes a chance never hits the jackpot.

Fifteen days later—the date was Tuesday, July 7, 1964—Mel and I got off a plane at the International Airport in Caracas, Venezuela.

The next morning we hired jungle pilot Tomas Rodriguez, a former wing commander in the Venezuelan Air Force, to fly us to Tocuyo de la Costa, a town of about 2500 people on the mouth of the Tocuyo river.

We began immediately to stock up on the supplies we'd need. Then we purchased two pack burros, loaded our gear onto them and plodded into the jungle.

Three days later we were standing on the south shore of Lake Guacuni. You could see the slope down which the Spanish gold train could have rolled. You could also see that this little lake had once been an arm of the lagoon.

"Let's set up camp," I said, suddenly terribly eager to learn if there really was gold in this little lake.

We were still putting up our tents when Chief Quicaca came out of the jungle with two spear-armed Cusquipas.

This little Indian, who was about 35, spoke Spanish easily—he had been educated at the Santa Maria School in San Felipe. He was affable and friendly and after he learned that we would be camped here

for an indefinite time he went into the jungle and returned a hour later with Chota and Huanca. "They will prepare your meals and make your nights interesting," he said.

When I could take my eyes from these exotic little women—their only garments were skirts that extended less than half way to their knees—I turned to Quicaca. "Gracias . . ." I said in the Spanish I'd learned as a kid in Colorado's Animas River Valley.

**M**Y FIRST NIGHT with Chota is unforgettable. She was eager and vibrant and inexhaustible. Finally I pushed her away. "I've got to get some sleep," I gasped.

She let me sleep for an hour. Then she woke me up. "I want to love again," she whispered, nibbling at my ear.

I drew the line at loving her again at dawn, though. I'm no weakling but I'm not a stud horse either.

Mel and I and Quicaca and three of his men spent the next two days machete-cutting foliage off the slope down which we intended to run the lake's water. Then we dug a channel in the cleared area.

The following morning we shoved sticks of dynamite into the lateral loam ridge which formed the lake's eastern bank.

We blew it at 3 p.m.

An hour later the last of the water drained off the little lake. "Damn . . ." I mumbled, looking at the lake's blue-mud floor. There wasn't the slightest sign of the remains of a wagon train. Just smooth blue mud.

"The day this arm of the lagoon became a lake it started to fill with mud," Mel said. "So what we're looking for is buried out there somewhere."

Naturally we couldn't do shovel exploring until the mud dried. I threw a rock into it to get an idea of its depth. The rock made a crater at least five feet deep. "That means we won't be doing any digging for a good long while," Mel said dejectedly.

We waited two damn weeks for that mud to dry. But those fourteen days were a Texas mile from being a drag. We spent our time swimming with our Cusquipa dolls in the cool clear waters of spring-fed pools and making love in orchid-carpeted jungle glades.

The morning of the 15th day we climbed onto the slope above the dried-out lake and cut down a big mahogany tree on the site which we calculated to be the most logical place for the Indians' ambush of the old Spanish mule train.

We stripped the branches from the log and rolled it off the slope. It landed twenty-two feet further out on the lake's bed than the place we had

planned to dig. "It's a good thing we took the time to determine the trajectory of the train's fall," Mel said, "or we'd have worn ourselves out digging in the wrong places."

We rolled the log away and began to dig. Five back breaking hours later my spade struck something besides blue dirt. I dropped to my knees and quickly clawed the dirt away. Then I picked up a gold ingot five inches long and two inches wide and an inch and a quarter thick.

"I'll be a monkey's uncle," I said. That's all I could think of to say. I guess I'd never though we'd actually find that gold . . . I'd spent so much of my life on he short end of the stick that I'd got to thinking it would always be that way.

Two days and seventeen ingots later, Quicaca tried to double-cross us.

Now, looking at the tricky little devil plodding through the Muerto swamp, I called him every name in the book. If it hadn't been for his perfidy we'd have come out of this adventure millionaires. As it was, the moment we released him he'd head back and dig up the rest of the gold.

I thought about shooting the little rat after we no longer needed him as a hostage through that dank, dark swamp. But I discarded the idea—I'm not a money murderer. Besides, if we killed the Cusquipas' chief we'd have as much chance of surviving another trip to Lake Guacuni as a snowball in hades.

**I**N THE FIRST light of dusk we made camp on a grassy knoll which was elevated about three feet above the swamp's muck. "Don't try anything stupid," I said to Quicaca. "Either me or Mel is going to have a Webley looking your way every minute of the night."

To reduce that squeaky little Indian's chances of devilment during the black tropical night, Mel and I made him sit on the ground with his back against a eucalyptus tree. Then we lashed his hands behind the tree.

"Match you to see who beds down first," Mel said pulling a half dollar from his pocket. He flipped it into the air.

I called it so I spent the first two hours making love to Chota. Then I stood a two hour watch while Mel had his chance with Huanca.

Quicaca didn't try anything that night. But the next night, while Mel was romancing Huanca and I was standing watch, he enticed Chota into crawling on her belly behind the eucalyptus tree and slashing the thongs which bound his hands.

Suddenly he leaped up and dived toward me. I saw the moon's reflection on Chota's knife, which he gripped in his right hand, an instant before he could slash it across





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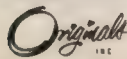
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my throat.  
I rolled out of the way and fired twice before I was able to get off the ground.

Quicaca collapsed without a whimper—I'd scored both times with slugs in his guts that coursed upward through his heard and lungs.

Then I zeroed in on Chota, who was sprinting down the knoll as fast as she could go.

But I didn't pull the trigger. Even though her duplicity had damn near cost me my life I couldn't kill that little doll.

We trudged into Tucuyo de la Costa at dusk the next day.

Four days later we were back in Cincinnati.

"Maybe if we could find some guy with a helicopter we could get in, dig up a few ingots and get out before the Cusquipas knew we were there," Mel said over a beer on my patio last week.

I said a healthier idea would be to find a couple of guys we could trust—whom the Cusquipas would not associate with the annihilation of their chief—and make a deal with them to go in like we did and get the rest of the gold.

"Who can you trust for that kind of loot?" Mel said. "Maybe a better idea would be to pretend that we got all the gold there was and forget the rest of it."

I said I'd already tried that scheme. I also said it didn't work. You can't forget about a million bucks worth of gold when you know exactly where it is and how to get it.

## KILLERS OF LUZON

(Continued from page 33)

"None!" Kennedy growled. "It was a Jap straggler. I got him—but I had to fire three times to do it. I wasted the ammo. He wasn't carrying a thing—not even a knife!"

The girl's face mirrored his own disappointment. He walked over to a nearby stump and sat down on it wearily. He glowed at the battered lever-action rifle he was carrying. He had salvaged it from a burning farmhouse outside Lingayen, along with a dozen rounds of ammunition. Now, there were only four rounds remaining—and when those were gone, the weapon would be useless, and he and the girl would have only their bare hands with which to defend themselves.

"You know, it might be a smart idea for us to turn ourselves in," he said quietly to the girl. "If we surrender, we might have some kind of chance. If we don't, we're bound to die of starvation—or from lead poisoning. The Japs can't help but catch up with us sooner or later..."



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By J. M. Smith, President, National Radio Institute



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The girl glared at Jim Kennedy, her pretty face creasing into an angry mask.

"You've got a touch of the sun!" she sneered.

"Nope. I'm just using my head. This whole area is swarming with Nips—and they'll be beating the weeds from here on in. Eventually, they'll find us, and when they do, they'll finish us off."

He said nothing to the girl about what the Japs would probably do to her. If she was captured by a Japanese patrol, she would be beaten, raped and tortured—just like so many other American women who had fallen into the hands of the enemy in the Philippines. But Jim could see no need to bring that up, to mention it at all.

"You're yellow!" the girl rasped suddenly. "You're afraid of the Japs."

"You're damned right I'm afraid of 'em," Jim nodded. "So far, they've been running wild all over these islands, and nobody's been able to stop them. And I don't think I can do the job with a busted-down lever-action shooting-iron like this one."

He was talking what he thought was sense. He wanted only to save the girl's life. But she wasn't having any of his arguments.

"You're yellow!" she repeated angrily. "You're not a man—you're a punk, a coward! If you want to give up to the Japs, go ahead."

She raised her arm and pointed into the jungle, in the direction from which Jim Kennedy had come.

"Go on!" she snapped.

Jim Kennedy's mouth dropped open. He raised his own hand as if to silence the girl, to halt her rising anger.

"Okay," he said. "You win. I won't surrender. We'll stay here—and get ourselves knocked off. If we don't starve to death first, that is!"

Sergeant Jim Kennedy had run into plenty of women during his nine years of Regular Army soldiering in such places as Panama, Hawaii, China and the Philippines. But, he admitted ruefully to himself, he had never met a hell-cat to equal Bette Morse, the 23-year-old daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Morse.

Col. Morse had been Jim Kennedy's battalion commander until a few days before. Then, the Japanese attack on Luzon had cut the battalion to pieces. Badly wounded, Col. Morse had called Kennedy to his side.

"My daughter is in Lingayen," the officer told Jim. "Try and get to her—and see that she's safe."

"Yes, sir," Kennedy murmured softly. It was clear that Col. Morse had only a few minutes to live. "I'll try to get her on a boat or sub for Australia..."

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A moment later, the battalion commander was dead. It was night, and Jim Kennedy was aware that the few men who remained of the battalion were scattered far and wide. The region swarmed with victorious Japanese troops. He decided to chance it, to try and slip past the Nips and make his way to the town of Lingayen. Miraculously, he'd made it. Lingayen was being held by a scratch force of hastily-assembled GIs and a few score Philippine Scouts.

Kennedy reported to the officer in charge and told his story.

"I'd like to find Col. Morse's daughter and see what I can do for her. Then I'll report back here for duty, sir," he said.

The officer, a Captain with a wounded arm, nodded. "Try and make it fast," he grunted. "The Japs will be attacking soon, and we need every man we can get."

Kennedy saluted and set off on the double. An hour later, he found Bette Morse. He broke the news of her father's death as gently as possible.

"Your Dad asked me to take care of you," he said. "It was his last wish."

A moment later, all hell seemed to break loose to the south. The Japanese were attacking in force—behind a heavy barrage of artillery and mortar fire. The fury of the barrage told Jim Kennedy that the

defensive perimeter could not hold for more than a few minutes. It was useless for him to go back. The Japs would be through by the time he was halfway there.

"Come on!" he yelled to Bette Morse. "We've got to get out of here!"

He grabbed the girl by the arm and dragged her along with him. They had gone about a hundred yards when she tripped and fell. He reached down to help her up—and saw that she had twisted her ankle. She could not walk.

"I'LL CARRY YOU!" he said. He lifted her up. His rifle—an '03 Springfield—was slung over his shoulder. It got in his way. He slid it off his shoulder and tossed it aside.

The first Japanese shells were already crashing into the town itself. The streets were filled with milling, terrified Filipinos. Carrying the girl in his arms, Kennedy pushed his way through the crowds and made for the waterfront. He found a rowboat tied to a small wharf. Without hesitating for a moment, he lowered the girl into it, climbed in after her and cast off the lines that held the boat to the wharf. He grabbed the oars and began rowing.

"Where are we going?" Bette demanded.

"Damned if I know," Jim grated. "But we're going!"

He rowed hard, guiding the tiny boat north, staying close to the shore.

Half an hour later, he spotted flights of Jap Zeros patrolling overhead. He turned into shore. Reaching the beach, he helped Bette from the boat and carried her into the jungle that came almost to the water's edge. He lowered her to the ground.

"Stay here while I do some scouting," he growled.

He'd seen a fire through the trees. He made for it and found a burning farmhouse. The place was deserted and the main part of the house had not yet begun to burn. Jim went inside. He found no one, but his luck was good. He did find an old lever-action rifle and twelve rounds of ammunition for it. He also found some canned goods. Then he returned to where he'd left Bette.

"Well, we're not exactly helpless anymore," he declared. "And we don't have to worry about starving today."

They ate some of the canned food, rested for about an hour, and resumed their flight. Once again, Jim had to carry the girl. They'd gone two or three miles inland when they found a hidden clearing.

"We'd better hide here for the night," Jim decided.

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The night and the following day. Kennedy went scouting. He used two of his precious cartridges to shoot a rabbit for their dinner. They cooked the rabbit. Bette's ankle was much better, and she could hobble along on her own. They moved further inland that night. Found another hidden spot and bedded down.

The next day Jim shot two more rabbits—but he used three rounds in the process. But the rabbits kept them alive for another two days. The next day, they heard someone moving through the jungle. Jim had gone out to see what or who it was. He spotted the Jap straggler and shot him.

Returning to where he'd left Bette, Sgt. Kennedy acknowledged that their situation was virtually hopeless. He suggested that they surrender—a suggestion that had brought a violent reaction from the girl.

"Okay. You win!" he'd told the girl. "We won't surrender."

After several minutes of silence, he'd risked asking her a question.

"As long as you're calling all the shots—what do you propose we do?"

Bette Morse looked him squarely in the eye—and smiled.

"We'll organize the Filipinos to fight the Japs," she replied.

Maybe it was the way she said it, but Sgt. Kennedy saw it was useless to argue. Yes. They'd do what she said. They would stay on the island of Luzon—and organize Filipino resistance against the Japanese conquerors.

How?  
Bette Morse seemed to have all the answers—and, as it turned out, they were the right ones.

First, she said, they must ambush one or two armed Japanese soldiers, kill them and obtain their weapons. To accomplish this, she would act as decoy.

"Sooner or later, we'll run across a Japanese soldier wandering around alone. I'll keep his mind occupied—and you'll kill him."

They had their chance the next day. A Jap infantryman was walking along a trail. Bette Morse stepped out from among the trees. The Jap saw the girl—and immediately thoughts of rape sprang into his mind. He grabbed her and forced her down on the ground. Jim Kennedy leaped on the Nip's back, dragged him off the girl and choked him to death.

"I—I'm going to be very sick," Bette said shakily. She retched violently. But she soon recovered. She helped Jim strip the corpse of rifle, ammo belt, trench-knife, pistol, entrenching tool, canteen and rice-rations.

Three days later, they had another stroke of luck—and killed their second armed enemy soldier. Now both Jim and the girl had weapons and ammunition. They

headed for the hills—into the back-country where the Filipinos lived in remote and isolated villages.

They were welcomed into the first village they entered. The natives had already had experience with the Japanese invaders. A company of Nip infantry had swept through the village killing, raping and pillaging. The Filipinos thirsted for revenge, and they eagerly volunteered to fight the Japanese.

"We'll need more guns," Bette told the villagers. "We must set up ambushes and pick off small groups of Japanese troops so that we can get their weapons."

Bette Morse fell easily into the role of overall commander of the guerrilla operations against the enemy. It was she who did the planning, who worked out the strategy and the tactics of the attacks and raids against the Japs.

For his part, Sergeant Jim Kennedy assumed direct charge of the native resistance fighters and led them against the enemy. During the weeks that followed, Kennedy and his guerrillas ranged through the hills, waylaying small Japanese patrols. Several Filipinos were killed and wounded in the sharp skirmishes that took place, but eventually the guerrillas managed to collect a sizeable store of arms and ammunition.

By late July, 1942, Bette Morse and Jim Kennedy had succeeded in organizing a large number of Luzon villages into their resistance network. Their private army of Filipino guerrillas numbered more than 300 well-armed fighting men.

The U.S. Army Sergeant and the Colonel's daughter established their headquarters in a remote section of the tangled, trackless hills. They shared a small hut. Both healthy, normal people with normal appetites, they had long since become lovers.

Handsome Jim Kennedy found that Bette Morse—a girl with a beautiful face and a lovely, full-bosomed figure—was a woman, and a passionate one, in every sense. He cursed the war, for he would have liked to spend all his time in her arms. But then, he realized that if it wasn't for the war, he would never have had the opportunity to make love to her in the first place.

The Japanese made many grave errors in their occupation of Philippines. By no means the least of these was the brutality with which they treated the native Filipino population. The Japs ruled the islands with savage cruelty, murdering wantonly, burning entire towns and villages and massacring entire populations.

The resistance of the Filipinos stiffened. More and more of them flocked to join the new formed guerrilla army.

Bette Morse did the staff planning and thinking for the force.



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She studied the intelligence reports brought in by native informants and worked out the details of raids and operations against the Japanese on Luzon. Once the plans were set, Sgt. Kennedy and his men executed them.

The guerrillas were fast-moving and hard-hitting troops. They attacked Jap supply dumps, outposts and headquarters. They blasted rail lines, bridges, tunnels, communications and transportation facilities. And, of course, they killed Japanese soldiers.

"We blew up an ammo dump, burned a fuel depot—and accounted for more than a hundred Nips..."

"Scratch a Jap motor pool and a telephone central..."

"Tojo's heroes are short three locomotives and a railroad bridge—we got them this morning..."

Such were the messages that Sgt. Kennedy sent back to Bette Morse from his far-ranging rampages against the enemy. When he and his men would return to their hideout, Kennedy gave the girl more detailed reports of his activities—murmuring to her in the stillness of the night as they lay locked in each other's arms.

By the middle of 1943, the United States and its Allies had begun to turn the tide of the war against the Axis Powers. In Australia, General Douglas MacArthur's headquarters was able to send arms and munitions to the guerrilla units in the Philippines. These supplies were air-dropped or brought in by submarines which landed them at remote points along the coasts of the islands.

Soon, the Resistance Army led by Bette Morse and Jim Kennedy numbered nearly 3,000 men. The guerrillas were partially equipped with American-made automatic weapons and even a few light mortars which had been brought in by submarine.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1943, Jim led 500 of his best fighters on a sweeping operation against Japanese forces stationed in the northern portion of the island of Luzon. Kennedy and his guerrillas had the bad luck of running headon into a crack Japanese regiment near Laoag. A pitched battle ensued. More than half the guerrillas were killed and Jim Kennedy was severely wounded by a burst of fire from a Japanese Nambu light machine gun.

His men managed to get Kennedy out. They improvised a litter and carried him back to his headquarters in the hills, lugging his lanky frame on a gruelling forced march that lasted nearly six days.

Kennedy was near death, but Bette Morse and a native doctor managed to save his life. But it was obvious to all that it would be many months before Jim could go on campaign again.

"Somebody will have to take over!" he groaned when he was

told this. "We can't leave the men without a leader..."

"Don't worry," Bette assured him. "I'll pinch-hit for you until you're well enough to resume command of the troops."

"But you can't..."

Kennedy argued, but it was useless. The girl had made up her mind—and she was as good as her word. For the next five months it was Bette Morse who led the guerrilla units on their raids against the Japanese. The beautiful young woman proved to be as tough and resourceful as any man. The Filipino irregulars wrought havoc, spreading death and destruction wherever they found Japanese troops or installations.

The Japanese High Command offered a reward equivalent to \$50,000 for Bette Morse and Jim Kennedy. The Japs thought this would be enough to cause the natives to betray the pair, but they were wrong. Most of the Filipinos living north of Manila on Luzon were secretly supporting the guerrillas.

In the Spring of 1944 it was clear that the Rising Sun of Japan was setting fast. U.S. forces had invaded and secured the Admiralty Islands and had landed on New Guinea. The invasion of the Philippines was generally conceded to be imminent.

The Japanese sensed this. They redoubled their security measures in the Philippines and launched new and more vicious campaigns of oppression and terror against the native population. The Nips also poured large numbers of men and equipment into the battles against the guerrillas.

Kennedy's wounds had healed. He was able to resume active leadership of his private army. This had grown and, by the summer of 1944, consisted of more than 5,500 well-armed men sworn to fight to the death against the Japanese.

The Japs sent two entire divisions into the hills to smash the guerrilla force once and for all. The operation was supported by squadrons of Zero fighters and bombers.

"We'll suck the Jap ground troops into the hills, cause them to split up—and then ambush and massacre them piecemeal," Bette Morse told Jim Kennedy, who fell in with the plan wholeheartedly.

Small guerrilla units hid in the hills. Other units acted as decoys. The Japanese were forced to split their regiments and battalions into small detachments. These were lured into traps and decimated.

By late September, the Japanese High Command in Manila had to admit that the operation was a failure. The divisions sent into the hills had suffered more than 70 percent casualties and had succeeded in killing fewer than 700 of the guerrillas they had been ordered to wipe out.

The battered remnants of the Jap



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divisions were withdrawn from the hills and the guerrillas could relax temporarily. Their respite was short. On October 17 and 18, the 6th Rangers made pre-invasion landings at Dinagat and the Suluan islands at the entrance to Leyte Gulf. This threw the Japanese into a panic—a panic that grew much worse three days later when U.S. troops made a full-scale invasion of Leyte.

"Now is the time to hit the bastards and harass them in their rear," Jim Kennedy grinned. He and Bette split their force into two groups. Kennedy led one, the girl led the other.

From then until January 9, 1945, when the United States Sixth Army stormed ashore on Luzon, they led their guerrillas in ceaseless attacks on the Japanese forces in the northern part of the island. Kennedy's group operated in the west, where the American invasion troops were scheduled to land. Bette led her force in a series of continuing diversionary raids on Jap installations on the eastern side of Luzon.

When the assault units of the Sixth Army had secured their beachhead on the shores of Lingayen Gulf, Sgt. Kennedy made contact with the American headquarters that had been established ashore. He received orders to report personally as soon as possible, and to bring Bette Morse with him.

The girl and the non-com reported to the U.S. headquarters three days later, making their first direct contact with American forces in three years. To their amazement, they learned that they were well known—even famous.

"You've done a terrific job," Lieutenant General Howard M. Blake told them. "We've been following your operations for years—and you were worth at least a doz-

en divisions to us. We could never have made our invasion landings as easily as we did if it hadn't been for your harassing attacks against the enemy rear."

Jim Kennedy was commissioned a Major on the spot—orders for his promotion coming directly from General MacArthur. Bette Morse was offered a commission, too—but in the Women's Army Corps. She turned it down—flat. Army regulations prohibited female officers or enlisted personnel from engaging in active combat operations, and she wanted to return to her guerrillas and lead them until the Japs were driven from the Philippines finally and forever.

She and Major Kennedy did just that, continuing to conduct operations against the Japanese until the Philippines were completely secured. Then Jim Kennedy requested 30 days' leave—so that he and Bette could get married.

Bette Morse accompanied Jim when he went to see Brigadier General Frank A. Chatham to apply for leave. Kennedy explained that he and Bette wanted to get married.

"Why not wait until you can go back to the States and do the job right—with all the trimmings?" General Chatham asked.

"When do you think we might be able to do that, sir?" Jim inquired.

"Oh, I suppose you'll be able to travel quite freely in about six months," the General replied.

"I—I don't think we should wait that long," Bette Morse stammered. "If we do, the baby will be more than a month old by the time we make everything legal..."

General Chatham understood immediately.

Major James Kennedy's leave papers were issued within the hour...

## LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN

(Continued from page 31)

think my body wants those same sensations; that I don't need the very same sort of relief?"

"How could you?" I blurted out. "A woman can't do what a man can. Whatever it is that you get isn't anything like my kind of sex. It's... it's... well it's unnatural. It can't be nearly as wonderful as all the things I know."

"Oh I wish I could explain it to you," she sighed.

"Well, why can't you. I told you what I felt. Why can't you do the same thing."

"Because," she said, "words just aren't good enough. There just isn't anything in your experience that you can compare it with. If I could only show you... but..."

"All right, show me then," I told

her.

"Don't be silly," she said.

"It's not silly. Go ahead and show me. See. Here I am," I leaned back against the couch. "Do anything you want. I won't stop you. In fact I want you to. Or are you afraid to put your theories to a test? I dare you to."

She looked at me almost pityingly. "Oh Karen, you're being foolish. You know you are. You can't change to my way of life just because of a tantrum. It isn't right."

My eyes began to tear again. I put my head down on the arm of the couch. "Oh Lorraine. Please. I mean it. I've got to have something. And whatever you do it's bound to be better than nothing at all. I don't mind. Honestly Lorraine. I'd like you to do something to me. Anything you want. And I'll do anything back that you want. Please Lorraine. Please."

"You poor silly kid! You are real





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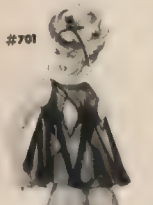
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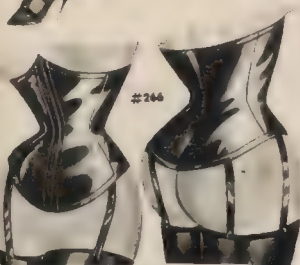
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desperate, aren't you. I know I shouldn't. But . . . well . . . you really need the other kind, a good butch, but all right . . . I'll try. I'll do my best for you, but you've got to help me; you've got to cooperate. You're sure now, absolutely sure. Don't just tease me hot and then run away."

"I'm sure, Lorraine. And I won't chicken out. No matter what you want me to do, I'll go through with it. I promise. On my honor. You just tell me how I'm supposed to act. And I'll try . . . all the way till we're both done."

She came over and sat beside me, and slipped her arm around my shoulder. There was a moment of silence and then she sighed. Her fingers fumbled with the buttons of my blouse and then slipped down inside. "Relax," she cooed. "Just relax. I know how you feel. Oh I know exactly what you feel. Just put your head on my shoulder for a moment or so. Then everything will be all right."

Her other hand was slipping up my leg. I felt a moment of panic, but I forced it away. And then suddenly I was coming alive with excitement. I let out the slightest gasp, and then pressed closer to Lorraine. Almost instinctively my hand went to her breast. I don't know why. I could tell the way her body pushed against me, that I had done the right thing.

We sat that way for a minute or two. Then suddenly Lorraine broke away from me. It was like a bucket of cold water. "Don't stop," I almost shrieked. "For God's sake don't stop now."

She laughed. "You silly child. Of course we're not stopping. I couldn't stop now if I wanted to." Her face was flushed and her breath was coming more rapidly. "But we can't go on like this!" She grabbed at her clothing excitedly. "Come on. Hurry. Let's get these silly things off."

Even on my wedding night I never undressed more quickly.

And then we were rushing into each other's arms with a glad cry of anticipation. Her lips found mine. This was no girl's kiss, either, but pure passion, violent, explosive, consuming. Her hands were moving over my body and soon her lips followed them. I fell back on the couch, Lorraine right with me. I shut my eyes and surrendered myself to total sensation. It was soft but overpowering, gentle, yet demanding, refusing to stop until it was complete.

**I**T WAS MY turn now as Lorraine, her body almost writhing with need, lay back awaiting my ministrations. I wasn't quite sure what I ought to do, but tentatively I began repeating some of the actions she had just demonstrated so

perfectly beautifully to me. As I kissed her, I was momentarily shocked at the difference. There was no hard, muscular, masculine aroma; only the soft, sweet, pliable flesh. I let myself linger, as tenderly as I could, knowing how I would enjoy the sensations it aroused.

It was certainly different, but not unpleasant. In fact, it made me feel wonderful to know that I was capable of giving her such pleasure. It might have been my own body I was caressing for I seemed to come alive with every gasp she gave, to thrill to every movement of enjoyment she demonstrated. How long it went on I don't know but I was actually sorry when it was all over.

And when she whispered, "Karen, Karen, you're wonderful, I wouldn't have believed how sweet you could be," I was so pleased I could have strutted.

It was only later, much later that I began to wonder. The experience had been so wonderful, so satisfying, so absolutely terrific that it seemed practically impossible that it could have been wrong and unnatural. I had done it, but I didn't feel peculiar; I didn't feel perverted. In my senses, I was exactly the same girl I had been before. Yet things were different and I knew it.

It was the future that worried me. I loved my husband very much. How could I face him after all this. And Lorraine, with her type of love. I didn't want to give that up either. What was I going to do. The thoughts wouldn't go out of my head. I spent a long and almost sleepless night as conflicting ideas and emotions churned about inside my mind.

The next day I called Lorraine and made an appointment to meet her. We decided to get together in her apartment. I had decided to explain all my problems to her and see what she could figure out. I was well aware that lesbians naturally tend to "recruit" new members to their sorority whenever possible and was prepared to discount that in her discussion. But I did want to hear what she had to say.

Strangely, it wasn't at all what I expected. She didn't take my conversation as a matter of course, nor did she suggest, as I had anticipated, that I immediately leave my home and husband to move in with her kind of woman.

"You've got to find out how you really feel, first. It isn't fair to judge from yesterday. Because I have the feeling you're like me, a femme, and I'm just not the right type to give you all you deserve. If I weren't your cousin and so close to you, I might try to take advantage of you, but I like you too much for that. Besides," and she whispered the last, "I'm in love. I've got my own butch and I wouldn't hurt her for anything in the world."

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In the end, we worked out a plan  
by which I could try things for a few  
days without getting myself too in-  
volved. It had some element of dan-  
ger, since I discovered that women  
can be terribly possessive and once  
an attachment is made they will fight  
with every weapon, open and under-  
handed, to keep their girls. But Lor-  
raine would introduce me as a friend  
from out of town who was looking  
for someone to keep her happy dur-  
ing a short visit to the city. At the  
end, I'd just leave town and then,  
quietly, return home again as myself.

The arrangements were made that  
day, and the same evening I moved  
in with my new "lover" for my big  
experiment. Once again I was sur-  
prised. I'd pictured the man type girl  
to be the hard, short-haired, stocky  
and square cut caricature one reads  
about in books or sees pictured in the  
movies. My new partner was any-  
thing but that kind. In fact, on look-  
ing at her, neither I, nor anyone else  
could possibly picture her in her  
chosen life role. I'm not saying that  
she wore ribbons in her hair and  
frilly dresses, but she was definitely  
all woman and looked it. Her dresses  
were stylish and womanly; her hair-  
do was identical with millions you  
see in the street; and her figure, full  
and curved wasn't hidden or masked  
in any way.

She laughed when I told her how  
different she was to what I'd imag-  
ined. "I don't know how they be-  
have in your home town," she said,  
"but here it's different. One has to  
make a living and that's difficult if  
people don't think you're just what  
you appear to be. Besides, I'm proud  
to be a woman. I wouldn't be any-  
thing else. I hate men and every-  
thing about them."

But talk and behaviour are two  
different things. As the days went  
on, I discovered that only too plain-  
ly and directly. A woman's love  
can be tender and delicious, but for  
certain satisfactions a female must  
take on certain male attributes to  
compete. And artificiality, no matter  
how clever, how approximate and  
how assumed, cannot compete with  
the real thing. She tried so very  
much. I just couldn't tell her how in-  
ferior her performance was. And yet  
I must admit that it wasn't bad. I'd  
certainly rather be with an experi-  
enced woman than a bumbling, fum-  
bling man. But compared to my hus-  
band this was only a second-rate  
result.

For what it was, I must say honest-  
ly that she was better than any man.  
By knowing exactly how I felt, how I  
reacted; by understanding my needs  
and desires; having lived through  
my sensations, she was able in all  
ways but one to raise me to peaks  
of ecstasy that I could never have  
imagined. And I must say too, that  
all my needs and frustrations van-  
ished completely.

**STILL, AT THE END OF THREE DAYS**  
I knew what my decision was go-  
ing to be. For much as I enjoyed  
myself; happy as I had been, I want-  
ed and desired a man's love far  
more than the best that a woman  
could give me.

I explained it all to Lorraine, on  
the afternoon on which I was to  
"leave town" and go home again.

She shook her head in wonder-  
ment. I don't honestly believe that  
she had even remotely imagined that  
I could ever have gone back to my  
man. Nor do I think that she truly  
understood my reasons.

"If you'd ever had a man, a real  
man," I told her, "you'd know what  
I was talking about. But you just  
can't begin to imagine it, can you?"

"No I can't," she replied. "And  
really, I don't want to. But you have  
been fair. I give you full credit for  
that. You're still my favorite cousin.  
And if that's what you want, more  
power to you. I hope that you're  
as happy as you deserve to be."

So I went home. And when my  
husband returned to me, I knew in  
a matter of minutes that I'd made  
absolutely the right decision. More  
than anything else, he's what I want  
in life. And during our times to-  
gether, when we're locked in an em-  
brace of real sex. I'm even more  
convinced. As a lover, he's my ulti-  
mate ideal.

My husband still takes his busi-  
ness trips. And when he does, that  
feeling of emptiness, loneliness and  
need comes over me again. But  
when it does, I take the healthy, not  
the perverted way out. There's noth-  
ing like a busy day's work cleaning  
the house from attic to basement, or  
busying myself in the kitchen to take  
my mind off my problems.

I took one big gamble with my  
life and that's more than enough. I  
was lucky to be able to get out of  
what might easily have become a  
complex and difficult situation. I  
might not be that lucky a second  
time.

Lorraine, as she was in the past,  
is a good friend and confidante to-  
day. She's still my cousin and blood  
is thicker than water. However, un-  
fortunately she is far too set in her  
ways to ever really change and both  
of us recognize that. But now when  
she comes to visit me, I never ques-  
tion her; in fact we never even ap-  
proach any mention of sex in any  
way.

I tried the off beat ways of love  
and they didn't work. I'm happy  
I had the experience, if only be-  
cause it proved to me how thor-  
oughly I need a man and a man's  
kind of true and total love. A hus-  
band is the only solution that works,  
honestly and for all time.

After my few days of trying the  
other, I can honestly and thankfully  
say, "Never Again!"



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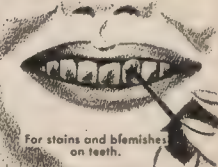
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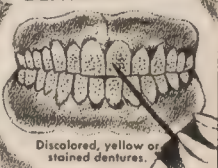
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## RED CLOUD

(Continued from page 39)

sign and they'd be watching for us. It's right onto a mile to the wood chopper's camp and just about the same distance to Captain Powell's wagon-box corral. But the captain is out in the open and we'd be spotted for sure if we headed that way. Best thing is to try for the wood chopper's camp on Piney Island."

Jim nodded. Together they crawled quietly out of sight into the brush. They had covered half the distance to the first camp when they heard the first shots. Jim peered through an opening in the brush. "That's the people from the wood camp, Smitty," he announced.

Then, even closer, came another burst of shooting. They crawled out to the edge of the brush in order to see into the valley below.

The wood train, at full gallop, was just closing the circle of a fighting corral. Sioux and Cheyenne raced alongside on straining ponies, yelling and shooting at the teamsters and their soldier escorts.

Both scouts fully realized the danger. The wood camp had been surprised and the choppers and soldiers driven off Piney Island. The wood train below them was now completely isolated and surrounded by more than three hundred Sioux and Cheyenne. Smitty and Jim's only chance was to get to the wagon-box corral.

"Powell hasn't more than thirty men," Smitty said. "Red Cloud could smother them in one charge—chew 'em up like he did Fetterman."

"It won't be that easy," Jim grunted. "You're forgetting that Powell's men have those new repeating rifles—those Allin-Springfields—while Fetterman's patrol was armed with single-shot muskets. Besides, a relief party might get through to Powell from the fort."

"Them new rifles ain't never been used in battle," Smitty pointed out. "Who knows if they'll even work in a fight."

"I ain't going to argue with you right now," said Jim. "Facing facts still leaves us the wagon-box corral—and I ain't giving up all hope neither."

Out on the open grassy plain they could see it from where they lay—a black spot in the waving green that marked the tiny corral of wagon-boxes.

The plain, a good mile or more beyond their present hiding place, was about a thousand yards across at its widest, bordered by low, pine covered hills separated by canyons. It sloped upward to form a low hill in the center. Here the wagon boxes, removed from their running gear, had been formed into a narrow oval. Blocking each open end

of the oval was a wagon. Small logs filled the spaces between the wagon-boxes.

Going downhill, the scouts now traveled without any attempt at concealment. Silence was no longer important. The Sioux would soon turn their attention to the wagon-box corral, whatever the outcome of their attack on the wood camp crew.

The two men had just reached the last patch of cover as the first Sioux horsemen came out on the plain from a canyon along the western rim. "Run for it," Smitty shouted.

Digging moccasined feet into the earth, they burst from cover. They were half way to the corral when they heard the first shouts of surprise from the Sioux.

Another hundred yards to go! And behind them the thunder of unshod hooves was getting closer. Jim stumbled. Smitty grabbed for his arm and jerked him up. A ragged volley of shots rang out and behind them a horse screamed. Then the sound of pursuit died away, as strong hands hauled the exhausted scout over the wagon-boxes and into the corral.

**CAPTAIN POWELL** looked over the thirty-two men that made up his garrison. "We're going to have to fight for our lives today," he said quietly. "Don't start firing until I give the command. Remember that."

The two scouts looked at the wagon-boxes. They didn't look very strong. The sacks of grain inside them wouldn't provide much protection. And those layers of blankets wouldn't stop the Indian's fifty-caliber slugs. There was a two-inch hole about a foot from the bottom of each wagon-box. This was the gun slit.

Captain Powell spoke again as the two scouts finished their inspection of the defenses. "We've got a good supply of ammunition. Let the best marksmen do the shooting. The other men will load for them. There are enough rifles so that each shooter can use at least four. Some of you will have more. Don't waste ammunition. Now take your places."

The two scouts paired off with the soldiers who were to load for them. Jim twisted and turned until his position was comfortable. The private attending him broke open the ammunition boxes and began loading the six rifles and two revolvers. The heat of the sun soon started to work through the heavy blanket covering the wagon-box top. Jim's buckskins turned coffee-brown from sweat. The blanket made the air hot and sticky but at least the semi-darkness gave him a sharp, clear view through the firing hole. Every-

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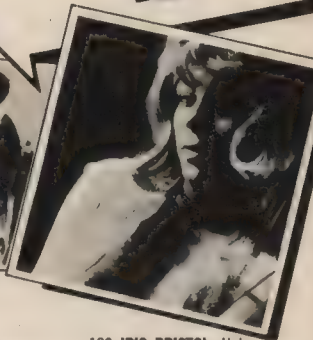
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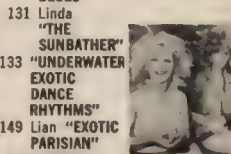


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thing on the plain showed up distinctly.

The scout watched the Indians ride out from the shadow of the canyons. There were more than five hundred braves on his side of the corral alone. How many more were on the other side or back in the hills—he couldn't say.

More and more Indians crowded out on to the plain. The scout whistled in astonishment. "Looks like all the Indians in America is out there," he muttered. Raising his eyes, he could see the squaws and the children squatting on the hilltops. "Must feel pretty sure of themselves to bring their families."

"What do you see?" asked the leader.

"All the fighting Sioux is out there," the scout reported, "every blinking one of them. I can see Ogallalas, Brules, Unkpapas, Miniconjous, and Sans Arcs. They've even got Cheyenne and Arapahos running with them—and Crows! Would you believe it—two Crows! That's one for you, soldier. Crows teaming up with Sioux! They've been scalping each other long before the white man even came to America."

Off to one side the scout noticed a group of Indians who sat on their horses quietly, while other restless warrior rode back and forth. Jim quickly recognized Red Cloud's commanding figure in the center. Spotted Tail—shorter and heavier, sat close beside him. Old Two Moon of the Cheyennes was there; so were Buffalo Tongue, Swift Bear, Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horse, and Rain-in-the-Face. Each was a great chief.

A lone warrior left the main group and rode unhurriedly toward the wagon-box corral. Across his back was slung a bow and quiver of arrows. A buffalo hide shield clung loosely to his left arm. In his right hand he carried a carbine, a crimson feather fluttering from its barrel. His pony's body was striped with red, yellow and blue paint.

Chanting his war song, the lone rider came closer. Jim lined him up in the rifle sights. The big brave stopped singing when he was within rifle range. He taunted the men in the wagon-boxes, calling them frightened women, sons of dogs. He dared them to come out and fight. He gestured obscenely. Jim's finger tightened on the trigger. Then he remembered Captain Powell's order not to shoot until the command was given.

In a final gesture of contempt, the big Sioux kicked his horse in the flank and galloped straight toward the corral. The scout held his breath. How good a hold did Powell have on his men, he wondered. Would they hold their fire.

A bare ten yards from the corral, the Sioux turned his pony. Firing at the silent corral, he rode clear around it. Then, with a final gesture of contempt, he rode back out of

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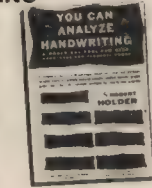
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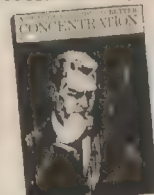
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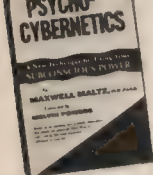
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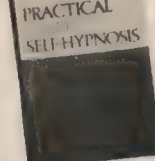
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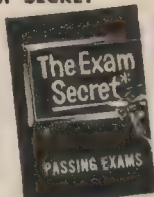
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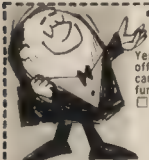
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range.

Not a single shot had been fired from inside the corral. The only sounds Jim heard were the muttered curses of the riflemen. Now the little fort was deadly still. Though the tiny garrison might not live to see another day, there would be no panic. But, the scout reflected, that wasn't much comfort. Unless help came, they were finished.

He knew he was looking at the greatest gathering of Indians that he had ever seen in his many years in the western mountains and on the buffalo plains. Facing the corral were at least two thousand Sioux. Survival, he knew, depended on the answer to two questions: would the new repeating rifles do what they were supposed to do? Would the Indians ignore their losses and ride in to overwhelm them by sheer weight of overwhelming numbers?

The scout knew the temper of the Sioux—clever and courageous fighters. The new rifles looked dependable. But only time would tell whether they'd heat up and jam at a critical moment. He looked at the single canteen of water and wished he had more. It wouldn't last long cooling six rifles.

The first wave of Indians were detaching themselves from the main body. Jim figured there were at least five hundred in the group. They rode the best ponies. Besides rifles, carbines and muskets, each brave carried a quiver of arrows and a bow slung over his back.

Their horses broke into a canter and the braves spread out in a crescent. The ponies began to pick up speed. A single yell rang out, followed by a bedlam of savage cries. The thunder of hooves reminded the scout of the great buffalo herd fleeing in panic. It was evident that Red Cloud aimed to end the fight with one swift, overpowering blow, to smash right through the wagon-boxes, into the corral, by sheer force.

**N**OT A SOUND came from the corral. The attackers were now at full gallop. Now they were within seventy-five yards and the noise was deafening. On all sides the Indians were a solid mass. Anticipating an easy victory, they made no attempt at caution.

They were within fifty yards when Captain Powell yelled "Fire!"—making the command heard above the din. Every rifle from the corral fired at once, in one solid sheet of lead. This was what the Sioux were waiting for. This was what had always happened—one volley followed by another. Then, before the soldiers had time to reload it would be too late.

But there was no slackening of fire from inside the camp. Volley after volley poured into the surprised faces of the Sioux. Horses screamed and trampled their riders. Screams of hate and pain rang out, as men and horses dropped by the dozens. But still they pressed for-





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ward. Forty yards away, their front was a tangled mass of riders, trying desperately to force their way back against the mass pushing forward. Without pity, the men inside the corral fired steadily into the writhing mass.

The tiny garrison had suffered, too. Lieutenant Jenness and one of the privates were dead. Two other men were severely wounded. But the Indians had been driven back, to gather again out of rifle shot.

Blankets were thrown back from the wagon tops and the cramped defenders stood up to loosen muscles as men and horses dropped by the boxes. When Jim's loader returned and let fresh air into the wagon—with a fresh supply of ammunition he asked hopefully, "Maybe they won't come back?"

The scout shook his head. "Red Cloud doesn't give up that easily, son. They'll be back all right. Did you fill the canteen?"

The loader nodded.

"Save the water for the rifles," Jim said. "Two of them are useless as it is."

Red Cloud's next attack was swift in coming, but this time he had changed his method. The Sioux and their allies pushed out on the plain in even greater numbers than before. Stripped of all clothing, they formed a skirmish line. When they came within bullet range of the corral, they dropped in the foot high buffalo grass. Now there was no sure target, only a series of elusive, coppery shadows. Behind the skirmishers, still out of range, the main body of Indians waited.

The firing started again and bullets peppered the already splintered wagon-boxes. From behind the skirmishers, fire arrows arched into the sky to fall flaming. The rifle loaders swiftly smothered those that reached the blankets, but some of the arrows caught the dried smoke dung inside the corral. Acrid smoke started to cast a haze over the battlefield.

All shooting stopped from inside the corral. The soldiers and scouts gritted their teeth, tended to their wounds and waited. Finally the Indian skirmishers stopped shooting.

Suddenly the main force of the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahos behind the skirmishers leaped forward. They came with a rush, their great warbonnets making them seem like giants. Once again the wagon-boxes came under heavy fire. It stopped as the charging Sioux came up to the skirmishers. Leaping over them, the charge swept forward. Still there was no firing from inside the corral.

Now the Indians were so close that their ferocious yelling blended into one great blast of terrifying sound. Tired muscles jerked with nervous tension as the defenders waited for Captain Powell's command.

"Fire!" The word barely reached

their ears above the savage yelling. Red Cloud's nephew, leading the charge, stopped in mid-stride, seemed to hang in the air, then fell dead. All around the grass was wet and slippery with blood. As the first wave of Indians died, those behind pressed forward, stumbling over the dead and dying.

Jim wondered how much longer his rifle would take such constant pressure. He looked eastward in the direction of Fort Kearney. There was nothing in sight, nothing but the solid wall of Indians. His eyes smarted from powder smoke and his trigger finger was almost numb. His shoulder throbbed from the constant pounding of the recoil.

Suddenly the charge lost momentum. The Indians started to panic. The great mass started to reel back, confused and broken. Some ran crazily in circles, colliding with one another as they struggled to get back out of range of the terrible Springfield's.

There was no slackening of fire from inside the corral. Every man there knew how Fetterman's patrol had looked after the Sioux had finished with them.

Ammunition was starting to run out and many of the rifles were useless when a bugle sounded far away to the west. A line of blue-clad soldiers came over the top of a hill and advanced on to the plain.

Jim's smile slipped away as he looked for more soldiers. Barely a hundred men had come to their relief. Out in the open Red Cloud's huge force would overwhelm them. But the Sioux continued to fall back until they vanished into the surrounding hills.

Major Smith was in command of the relief force. As soon as the half crazed men from inside the corral were able to walk, the retreat to Fort Kearney began. It was seven miles to the fort, and no one thought they'd make it. But the Indians were gone and at six o'clock in the evening the relief party and the survivors walked through the gate of the Kearney stockade to safety.

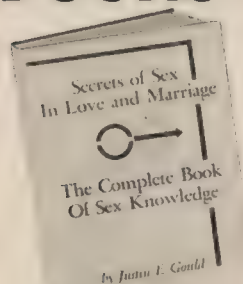
Ninety-two years have clouded some of the facts about the fight on that hot August afternoon. The exact number of Indians who took part in the battle is unknown, but it was certainly in the thousands. General Dodge asked one of the scouts, R. J. Smythe, how many Indians had attacked the corral. Smythe estimated the number as being close to three thousand. About a thousand were killed or wounded. The general then asked him how many he had killed. The scout said that he had kept eight rifles busy for more than three hours.

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The little-known but shockingly TRUE story of the immoral and perverted sex practices of today's delinquent teenager. Documented facts from official records, including actual testimony which tells in detail of the all-out sex acts and perversions that have only been whispered about or never before disclosed to the general public. This book tears aside the curtain of secrecy and bares the naked, brutal facts, revealing every form of sexual perversion practiced by and upon the teenage girl.

- How teenage girls are lured into making pornographic films • How and where these films are made • The official inside story of a new model school operates • How teenage girls make \$3,000 a year having illegitimate babies to be sold for profit • The secret testimony on Marilyn Monroe's nude playing card photos previously banned from the mails • The actual case histories, from police files, of 13 and 16 year old amateur prostitutes in Miami, Baltimore, Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Washington, D.C. • How teenagers obtain the most obscene pornography, such as stag films, french postcards, photographs of bizarre sex practices, books dealing with every form of sex degeneracy • Teenage girls' unnatural practices with animals • The little-known stories of wild sex orgies in college dormitories • How young girls are drawn to lesbianism • How narcotics are used to induce young girls to greater and more perverted sex efforts • Every variety of male and female sex relations—normal, abnormal, lesbian, homosexual, that police of Washington, D.C., Hollywood, California, Poughkeepsie, Baltimore, Providence, Chicago, New York, have discovered (based on seized pornographic films) • All this and much, much more in this startling expose, revealing the little-known world of teenage debauchery with its concentration on finding new and different sex thrills and of those who trade on the young, the innocent, and the unwary. All true—documented with actual testimony and case histories. This book is destined to become a collector's item.

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# I'd like to give this to my fellow men... while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my

summer home, my Cadillacs, my winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things, of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish*! And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned*! I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

## I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to

gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

## A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows." It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own." It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

## Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and

ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest \$15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

## Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON

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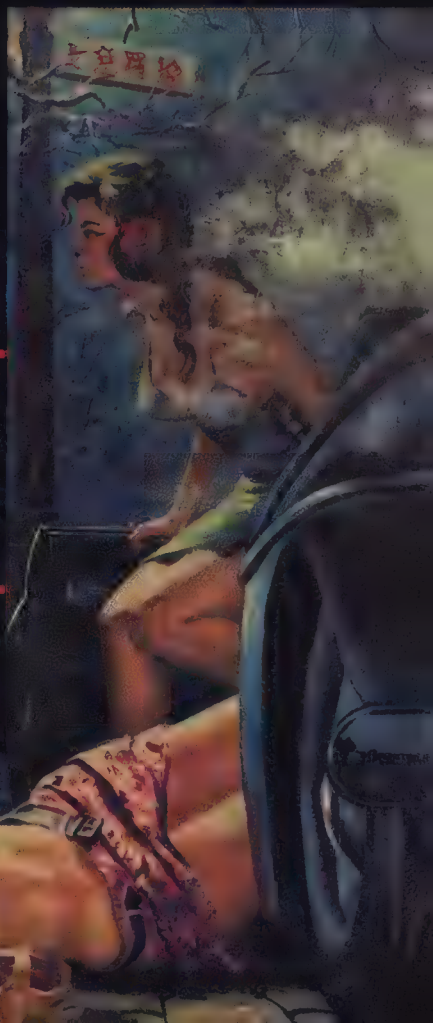
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Fits perfectly or back goes your money! Two simple measurements: Length and width of bald or thinning area. A child could do it. Include a sample of hair for custom color match and the rest is up to us.

Open your mail a few days later, place your CUSTOM New Youth on your head. It can be trimmed by you in privacy or by any barber to defy detection. You receive simple instructions that prove how easy it really is.

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Mr. E. M. Says "It improved his appearance and he would recommend a friend on the basis of his satisfaction."

Mr. J. S. has worn a hairpiece since he was fifteen years old. He has purchased hairpieces from practically every major manufacturer in the east. He saved over \$100.00 with New Youth, but his main reason for his satisfaction was its fine appearance.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

"New Youth" is so sensational! that we offer the following unconditional Double Guarantee. 1. You must be satisfied that you look at least ten years younger and 2, that you save \$100-\$200. Enjoy your New Youth for ten days with out risking a penny, if for any reason you are not 100% satisfied we will return purchase price when hairpiece is returned undamaged.

### HOW WE CAN MAKE OUR FANTASTIC OFFER

A revolutionary new process of volume production enables us to produce twenty times as many hairpieces in two hours as our competitors can manufacture in a full days work. What is most amazing is that we can accom-

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— says MITCH FLEMING YUBIWAZA MASTER

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### WHAT YUBIWAZA CAN DO FOR YOU IN JUST A FEW SECONDS . . .

11:05 P.M. You return from dance. Headlums throw insulting remarks to you date.

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11:06 P.M. PLUS 7 SECONDS They recognize the KARATE pose and take off.

The VITAL Decision is YOURS to make! Which shall it be? ☐ To play it "chicken" by running away? ☐ Be a "thothead" and be beaten up? ☐ Mail coupon now and be prepared with Yubiwaza & Karate to send your attackers flying!

I'M A 3rd-DEGREE HOLDER OF THE BLACK BELT—SYMBOL OF HIGH PROFICIENCY IN THE JAPANESE SYSTEM OF SELF-DEFENSE THAT USES NO WEAPONS BUT BARE HANDS. I spent many years in Japan learning these little-known SECRETS. The most amazingly effective of all Self-Defense techniques that stood out in ALL my Japanese Training is contained in my AMAZING new Yubiwaza book - all yours to have if you ACT NOW.

YUBIWAZA and KARATE are the names of a fantastic systems of Self-Defense that makes use of an EASY-TO-LEARN knowledge of vital body areas and the techniques of the use of just ONE finger or the entire hand to counteract and overcome ANY violent attack. It is commonly known that with the aid of Yubiwaza and Karate young men - and girls too - with only a few hours of training, turn back 2, 3, and even 4 attackers temporarily DISABLING ONE, putting another to flight, making a third haul with pain, while the fourth begs his opponent to stop.

### NOW YOU TOO CAN LEARN YUBIWAZA AND KARATE

The experts in Japan, who know and teach these finger-fighting techniques have now explained that KARATE is a centuries-old system of self-defense which is so simple and so effective that outsiders were never instructed in its use. The system was restricted to Japanese who SNORE to apply these methods only in time of danger and attack by an aggressor. Many of the very techniques in these Yubiwaza and

Karate books, once highly guarded secrets of the ancient samurai warriors never shown to outsiders are now shown to you. EASY -- And I am now ready to show you, too, through clear, easy-to-understand photos, every secret. I guarantee to make you a Self-Defense specialist in hours--or every cent you paid will be refunded. You don't have to attend my school where I train beginners like you and turn them into experts. Now I can show you how to practice in the privacy of your own home with only a few minutes of practice a day. I'll show you how to defend yourself against headlums, "bullies," "wise guys" and juvenile delinquents who respect neither lives nor property.

When you apply these methods, you can cut an aggressor down with JUST FINGERS. You can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists a broken bottle, or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's arms into your advantage with only fingers or your bare hands. No matter how "hot" the action gets. These Defense Techniques keep you "on top". You can apply simple pressure of your fingers against any one of a dozen or more vital nerve centers

of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint. If the neighborhood bully pushes you, you can make him say "uncle" quickly -- the help of these techniques.

### MASTER EVERY SITUATION

Make no mistake! The world is crowded with anti-social enemies who think nothing of sticking a knife in to the ribs...or attacking peace-loving citizens just for the fun of it...or molesting boys and girls shamelessly. There is a crying need for a system of self-defense that relies on KNOWLEDGE not big muscles or strength...that depends on TECHNIQUE - not on weight or size of body...that is based on positive training -- on an illegal possession of weapons.

When you know KARATE and YUBIWAZA you can disarm and disable your opponent in seconds. You can repel a mugger who grabs you from behind--no matter how big he is or how much he weighs. Instantly you know WHERE to attack, and how. You learn the body's vulnerable regions, the defense or on-guard position to take, and your body's personal weapons which you can apply to maximum advantage. I have packed all I know about these into my guides, which I have profusely illustrated and clearly explained (take you step by step through the fundamentals of this amazing system so that you understand clearly and immediately how these effective principles work. You learn those tricks used by marines, police, G-men...how to floor any bully...how to touch vital spots that will make any attacker helpless. No matter whether you are big or small, strong or weak, you can overpower practically any opponent with lightning speed!

### BECOME A NEW MAN!

Knowledge of KARATE & YUBIWAZA

will turn you into a NEW MAN even if you never actually have to use it! For you will become SELF-ASSURED through your ability to handle yourself.

Thousands of men of all ages have won confidence and respect by learning these techniques. YOU can do the same! You owe it to your own peace of mind...to your friends and loved ones - to be able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time and place for headlums, criminals and delinquents. So mail coupon NOW for my COMPLETE instruction on YUBIWAZA and KARATE. If you and your friends don't say that YUBIWAZA and KARATE has made a NEW MAN out of you, your cent will be refunded.

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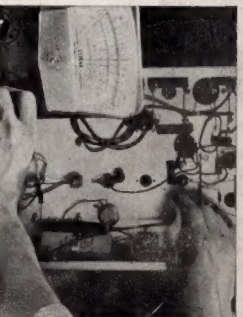




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**E. J. WOOD**, Fargo, N.D., got his FCC License as part of his NRI training and is Master Control Engineer with KXIB-TV.

**A. R. TOWNSEND**, Topeka, Kan., is a missile officer at Atlas ICBM site; fixes radio and TV sets spare time.



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